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BARBER, SPARE THAT MOUSTACHE.

BARBER, spare that lip,
Touch not a single hair,
Or in the bud you'll nip
My prospects with the fair.
'Twas my old barber's hand
That left this precious spot;
There, barber, let it stand,
Thy blade shall harm it not.

For once I loved a maid,
And, oh! the blest relief!
She loved me, too, she said,
Her ardor passed belief.
But, oh! the luckless day
I left these twirls behind,
To hear my sweet-heart say
That she had changed her mind.

This dark and glossy tuft
Has tangled many a heart,
Has many a rival bluffed,
I could not from it part.
Barber, forbear thy strokes!
Cut not its skin bound ties;
'Twould be no idle joke,
I'd rather lose my eyes.

When but an idle boy
I longed to see it grow,
In all their gushing joy,
My sisters teased me so.
My mother kissed me here,
When father's sterner hand
Had brought the briny tear,
So let the moustache stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy *age*, old friend;
While belles thy praises sing
From razors I'll defend.
Still proudly it shall wave,
So barber, leave the spot,
While I,ve an arm to save
Thy blade shall harm it not!

BECELLUS;
THE GLADIATOR.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ROME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY J. HAYDOCK,

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CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY.

Night at Rome in 81—Otto, the Sword Maker, and his Wife Satarantha—Scene at his Forge with Rabiere, his Patron—His Son Becellus, the Gladiator—Becellus in Training to Fight a Boar in the Arena.

GRIM night sat down on Rome, at the close of a hot day, in the year of the world 81. Barren that date might be called, when viewed by the side of our marvels of yesterday—rustic and rude, as looked at with the light of our Christianity and truth. Yet the giantess stretched her weary length across her seven hills, and slept as calmly beneath the cold rays of a harvest moon as if there was nothing more for her to learn—as if she had never known internal throes of maddened mobs, that threatened her life itself. In that time, and at that day, a plebeian might mount to the glory of a throne in the changing of a thought; it was an hour when it became the fate of man, no matter how high or how low, to be doomed to the death this instant, and sickened with adulation the next.

Over the grimy Sahara of countless years—over the dust of centuries back—we can see and ponder on all this, with the aid of historic lore; and, perhaps, be bettered by it. We know that kings and conquerors, captives and relics of pillaged cities, have crossed Rome's Appian Way, and blazoned the triumph of a freedman's slave; we would believe that little feet have pattered over the same dry road-side dust—that little hands have strewn flowers where bleeding feet have trod; that childhood's voice, and that of maiden, too, have hushed the groanings and the discords of many a day to rest with their own sweet tones; let us believe, even if it be not so.

In the morning of the day, which was now night, in streets and in byeways, in the market-place and in the capitol, thousands of hoarse voices had clamored to the breeze their dissent of the death of Titus, their king, this instant, and their approval of Domitian, his successor, the next. Thousands, did we say? Yea, millions of them!—and the wind, which was hushed until now, heard them all, and then swept forth with a gathering gurgle, and whirl, and deafening roar, as if it had crossed a maniac sea in its very noontide of wrath. So thus all the day; and then the human storm, raised by the fell incantations of a hydra-headed mob, died quietly away, as night came swiftly on, and dropped her tears—the falling dew—upon the heated city.

It was at this time that the throng and angry snarl of Rome's populace straightened itself out into a hundred threads of life, and wound its way through the city arteries, in narrow and long thread streams, until each mortal molecule reached its door, and became housed for the night.

In a narrow street that ran at right angles across one of the numerous outlets, or vomitories, as they were then called, of the Amphitheatre, was situated a snubby little house, that seemed to mourn itself away at its very dwarfishness. It was a low structure (being built at a time when earthquakes were more numerous,) and dirty-looking every way. It was redolent of closed windows, and had an aperture answering as a doorway, situated some two feet below the level of the street, and which was the entrance to this house, occupied by Otto, the tenant, who here exercised his calling.

Otto, as his sign board grandiloquently expressed it, was a "fabricator of tridents, bucklers, swords, and articles of gladiatorial art." He was by no means a poor artizan, as many a doughty gladiator could tell, by his life being spared with one of Otto's weapons, when an inferior one would have endangered it. He was not what might be called a wealthy man, but made enough from his profession to comfortably support himself, and wife, and son. He had been a gladiator in his day, had this Otto, and a pretty successful one at that. Perhaps his son Becellus owed much of his prowess to the early teachings and promptings of his sire.

By the light from his forge, Otto was busily hammering away at a glowing piece of steel, and humming an air in the meanwhile. Suddenly desisting from his work, and holding the half finished blade he was working on near his eye, he exclaimed:—

"Per Hercule! but there's a flaw in the blade. Wife! come forth and look to this."

"What's the cry now?" said a sharp woman's voice, from the little room off the smithy. "Has a splinter punctured thy thumb?"

"Come out," said Otto; "thine eye is keener than mine, as is thy tongue. Come forth."

"Not while there's a lamprey to be turned," said the same sharp voice; while from the room there issued a sputtering and spattering, as if of something frying.

"Let them wait their turn. Ha! ha!" said Otto. "I am losing time. Thou knowest it's valuable now."

"Pish!" said his wife, entering the smithy, "I would that a lampass grew in thy mouth!"

"Anything, Satarantha, so long as thou givest a look at this. Tell me if there's a flaw in that blade?"

Satarantha, the wife of Otto, was a woman verging very near six feet in height, and was as muscular looking as any man. Her long arms were bared to the shoulder, and, with the rest of her skin that was visible, exhibited a dark brown color. She was preternaturally ugly, and had her hair cropped so close to her head as to appal any timid mind. She jerked the blade from Otto, and ran her eye keenly, yet carelessly over it.

"Give a blast from thy bellows; there's not light enough to see a crow—the room's as dark as Hades."

Otto soon blew up a merry blaze, and, leaning his stalwart arm on the side of his forge, awaited the criticism of Satarantha.

"Flaw! sayest thou, Otto," said she snappishly.

"Ay, good girl, so said I."

"Flaw! why there's as many in the blade as there are in the cogged dice of Cappius, thy son's friend. See here! and there, and there!" said Satarantha, pointing out with her long bony finger several dark looking spots which showed that the steel had not been carefully annealed, but had been burned in the fire.

"So there is," said Otto, looking over Satarantha's shoulder—"so there is. And I imagined that it was of the best steel of Damascus. Surely the craftsmen must have lost their cunning."

"As do the artisans of Rome, by dotage and old age," snarled his wife, flinging down the blade, and going back to the kitchen.

"It has strength enough yet to break thy back, thou jade," said Otto, angrily.

A taunting laugh was the only response, and Otto lifting the blade gave one more glance at it, and then suivered it to atoms on his anvil. Having carefully selected another piece of steel, he thrust it among the coals of his forge and commenced to heat it, preparatory to a fresh attempt at sword making.

"Otto!" screamed his wife, "come now, it is time to sup."

"Ugh!" growled Otto, continuing his occupation.

"Otto! Otto!"

"How am I to leave hot steel until it's hammered? It is not so plentiful with me that I can waste it."

"Bring it in with thee, man, and breathe on it; thy breath is hot enough to warm it seventy times."

"If it could scorch like thine I would need tear down my forge. Come; give a helping hand with the sledge, and then I'll sup."

"Now? shall I come now?" said Satarantha at the doorway, her face being lighted up with a malicious grin.

"Yes; now," said Otto. "Time is money. How am I to prepare this blade in time for the coming fight of our son Becellus with the boar? Oh, how am I?"

"It is as thou sayest," said Otto's wife, stepping towards the forge and raising the heavy sledge in her arms. "Thou art right, old man; our son must be prepared."

Otto, after a few more puffs at the bellows, drew out the glowing steel in a pair of tongs and laid it on the anvil. Satarantha slung the sledge above her head, and brought it down upon the steel with such blows as soon, with the assistance of Otto, forged it into the shape of a sword in the rough.

They were both hard at work, when a clear, ringing voice rose through the din of hammers, and caused the workers to stop and look up.

"By Bacchus!" said an effeminate looking man, with long curls falling over his shoulders, at the open door. "By Bacchus, here's Tartarus broke loose. How art thou, Otto? and how wags the world with thee, Satarantha, my sweet?" With this the speaker drew his robes around him, and stepped daintily down into the room.

Otto wiped his forehead with the palm of his hand, and grinned a welcome, while his wife stared impudently at the visitor.

"How wags the world?" said the speaker.

"I've heard nothing amiss since the morn," said Otto. "All is right as—my hammer."

"And the plebeians—the swine—what said they in relation to our new king?"

"Much, master Rabiere," said Satarantha—"much."

"Ha," said Rabiere. "Ha, my blooming Hecate, I see thee well, I hope;" and Rabiere bowed his head mockingly.

"So well," said Satarantha, "that even the dead dog thou carriest in thy bosom cannot make my gorge rise."

Rabiere winced at this retort. He had long carried a cancer in his breast that had been pronounced incurable.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Otto, "thou hadst it then, right through the groin—a mortal thrust. Ha! ha!"

"Satarantha," said Rabiere, "I've heard news of thee before I came."

"Some lie of thy own that thou has come upon, and forgot that it bore the stamp of thy paternity."

"Nay, nay; good news," said Rabiere.

"What was it, then?" said Otto's wife.

"Why," said Rabiere, "I heard that thou hadst a contest of beauty with Venus; and——"

"Well," said Satarantha, calmly.

"That Venus lost. He! he! he!"

"Ha! ha!" roared Otto. "Habet; she has it, Per Hercule! that's a lie fresh from Pluto."

Satarantha glanced at Rabiere like a foiled demon. She had once been beautiful, and, like most Italian women, her homeliness, in her old age, was fearful. The recollection of it, even now, was gall and wormwood to her, she having lost nothing of her vanity.

"Thou liest, base fiend," said she; thou liest!"

"Of a verity, I do," said Rabiere. "But, come, let us hear no more talk of dead dogs." Here Rabiere frowned darkly.

"You," said he to Otto's wife, "presume too much on my forbearance. Carry thy head well, or I may do thee harm."

"Right," said Otto, his face becoming serious in an instant "Master Rabiere is correct. He has done many things for us, and is our son's patron."

"Here," said Rabiere to Satarantha, "to show that I have no malice towards thee, here's an obolus to pay thy way across the Styx. Wanting it, thou wouldst be condemned to dig roots on its slimy bank with thy pointed tongue, while Pluto reigns." Here Rabiere flung a small silver coin towards her, of the value of two cents of the present day. Satarantha muttered a curse, and darted from the room. She was not beaten in the wordy strife—no, but she was afraid to say any more. Rabiere had been much in favor with the new king, Domitian, before he was crowned, and it was presumed he had lost none of his influence since that event had transpired. It may be wondered that he was so intimate with Otto and his family, but the cause for any surprise ceases when we know that it was customary for some wealthy citizen or courtier, or man-about-town, or any one that could afford it, to patronize some leading gladiator, and speak of him as his own property; he paying the expenses of the man throughout his training, and supporting his family if he should be killed in the arena.

Satarantha did not pick up the money, but darted from the room, as we have said, and the piece of money rolled back to the feet of Rabiere.

"A good omen," said he, "I accept it. And now, Otto, what said the mob in thy hearing?"

"Some applauded; many hissed," said Otto.

"What more?"

"Others said," continued Otto, "that —— and there were many ——"

Rabiere nodded.

"That Titus died by violence."

"Of whom," said Rabiere. "Who was the one committed the—the—violence? Did they say?"

"Domitian."

"Ah, ha!" said Rabiere, "such a mob would say anything. There was, however, no disturbance to speak of?"

"Nothing, good master Rabiere—nothing."

"What said the mob about the coming sports of the arena?"

"That, by Jupiter!" said Otto, "tickled them; so did the news of the boar fight."

Rabiere let a grim smile steal over his face as he heard this.

"To be sure;" said he, "what would Cerberus be without his sop. Thy son Becellus fights the boar, Otto."

"So it's arranged, Master Rabiere. I am now forging the blade for him to use."

"Where is Becellus, now?" said Rabiere, "I must have a talk with him."

"He tarries late to-night," said Otto. "He is a good son, and is home betimes; he cares not to pierce the amphora too often."

A hasty and firm tread on the lava pavement outside attracted the attention of Rabiere.

"I must leave thee, Otto, "said he; "see that thy son comes to my villa on the morn."

"This is him, now," said Otto.

As he spoke a somewhat tall and well knit looking young man sprang into the room with a bound. He appeared to be about twenty three years of age, and, as he stood up, seemed marvellously well formed, and straight as a rule.

"Ha! my Becellus," said Rabiere, "in good time. How is thy pulse bounding?"

At these words Becellus turned towards Rabiere, and approaching him, lifted the hem of his mantle to his lips.

"Speak out, man," said Otto. "Where's thy voice?"

"In my throat," said Becellus; "wouldst thou have it in my sandals. But I perish for food, father."

"Why, thou vulture maw, I saw thee eat a whole kid at my expense, at noon!" said Otto. "Perish for food, ha?"

"Let him feed," said Rabiere, "I have many a sesterce bet on him. Let him become stout."

"And be food for the boar," said Otto.

"Why so?" said Rabiere.

"Dost thou not know," said Otto, "in all thy long experience that it is not fat that wins in the arena? No, no. It is muscle and bone."

"And Otto's steel," said Rabiere, with a playful smile.

"I did a little with my art, to be sure," said Otto, modestly; "but nature is the best assistance to a man."

"Perhaps you are right," said Rabiere. "Becellus, show thy muscle. I have a bet on the dimensions of thy biceps."

Becellus threw off his tunic, and stretched out a magnificently developed arm. The skin that covered it, even in its lax state, was as firm and unyielding to the touch as iron itself.

Rabiere, although accustomed to such sights, could not repress a cry of admiration at what he saw, and Otto grinned his delight at the appearance of his son.

Rabiere then took from his girdle a set of tablets and writing materials, and dipping his stylus in the writing fluid, said:—

"Give me the girth of thy son's arm, Otto."

"Very near two spans (eighteen inches), as measured by my tape," said Otto.

"So did I bet," said Rabiere, putting up his tablets.

"Now, Becellus," continued he, "let me give thee a parting word. Look carefully to thy meats and drinks, that they be not drugged."

"I'll slit the slave's ears who does it," said Becellus.

"I'd tear his heart out, and eat it."

"Neither one or the other need be done," said Rabiere, "if thou art only careful. I will not be able to see thee before the fight commences—so mind."

"What shall I do?" said Becellus. "Good patron, what hast thou bet on me?"

"Well," said Rabiere, "if you are defeated, my villa goes to the auctioneer. Take thou care: it is my last word. *Vale.*"

"With a slight wave of his hand towards Becellus, Rabiere drew his mantle around him, and departed from the house.

Becellus now lounged into the little supper room, and sat down to the supper table. Otto's wife marched up to her husband, and taking him by the ear, gave him a vicious pull.

"Easily, easily," groaned Otto, "thy fingers are not of babes."

"No, no," said Satarantha, "and if I had that scented puppy, Rabiere, in the same place, he'd think the same."

"Gently, wife, he is of authority."

"Pish!" said she pushing Otto before her. "We owe him nothing."

CHAPTER II.

Domitian and the Sports of the Amphitheatre—Chariot Racing—The Cestus Fight, to the Death—Swordsman vs Retiarius—"My Slipper to thy Head"—The Sword of Becellus—Death of a Defeated Gladiator—Hestia, the Flower Girl.

Domitian, being a wooden king, with a wooden mind, had no thoughts above his nature. His father and brother had cultivated literature and the fine arts; he did neither. They built palaces and temples—he converted them into places for the cultivation of archery and gaming. Titus, his brother, despised shows and exhibitions of any kind; Domitian gloried in them. In fact, thought so much of them, that, adorned with a crown and a purple robe, with the priests of Jupiter around him, he gave largesse without stint. On his accession to power, even on the first day that he ruled, he had given orders that the amphitheatre should be cleaned and repaired for a gladiatorial combat on the third day. This day had now come.

For leagues around Rome, the roads had been covered with pedestrians and horsemen, all hastening towards the city to witness the sports of the arena. There were contests to take place between men—contests for life and death; races with chariots; friendly bouts at archery. But all these availed nothing when compared with the fight that was to take place between a wild boar of Brittany, and a young gladiator, Becellus by name. So the people fumed, fretted, and fought, and yelled, to get the best place in the amphitheatre. It was so built, that all could see alike, one equally as well as another; no very easy task to execute, when you have to seat some eighty or ninety thousand people. But inability to see was not what the trouble was; it was to be close enough to the saw dust of the arena, to hear the dying men groan—to watch the fire in the gladiator's eyes. Of course many were disappointed; but this portion, like a sensible mob as it was, consoled itself with the idea that if they could not hear so well as some, it was not their fault for want of trying. The seats were filled rapidly; so rapidly that you had hardly time to note an empty bench before it was crowded. Tier upon tier, heads upon heads, a very sea of faces looked down on the oval at their feet, and then up at the huge awning that sheltered them from the heat of an Italian sun, and cursed the king's delay. The sports could not commence until he entered; so why did he linger. Part of his household were there, Petronius and Nerbanus, prefects of the Prætorian band, likewise Strephanus, the comptroller of his household; and they were all, as yet.

"May his liver rot!" growled a huge-fisted fellow to one who sat by him." Does he suppose we are to sit here all day, and become fungi, for his sake?"

"Hard to tell," said the one whom he addressed.

"What's thy name, comrade?"

"I am called Cappius. My friend fights to-day."

"What's his name?"

"Becellus," said Cappius.

"Ha! he fights the boar?"

"Yes," said Cappius.

"Why are you now not with him?"

"For the reason, good friend, that there are better ones there than myself."

"He'll surely die, "said the first speaker," I would that I were a league nearer, then I might see him and be happy."

"Why, thou fly-tainted one, "said Cappius, angrily," there's not a better swordsman in all Italy than my friend Becellus."

"Nor a more furious boar than he has to deal with."

"Umph!" said a fat citizen on the other side of Cappius. "Umph! people say that the boar has been starved to make him savage. How is that?"

"It needs not to be," said the first speaker, who seemed to take a great delight in teasing Cappius. "No, no! Becellus will staunch his appetite."

It is no doubt a fact that there would have soon been a quarrel, only that the entrance of the king turned all attention to him. Then the signal was given by the officer of the day for the sports to commence. The race of the chariots was the first in order, and as they made their appearance on the course, were received with great applause. There were chariots with four wheels, and those with two; chariots of every size and shape that could be dictated by the whim of the owner. They were first driven slowly, so as to give the spectators a glance at their merits; and then, being arranged in order, were started by a trumpet blast. There was some beautiful driving, and some very miserable attempts at it; a few purses of gold were exchanged, some curses at fortune uttered, and that was all; the audience keeping back their excitement for the boar fight.

After the racing was done, the saw dust was re-arranged, and the champions of the cestus entered. They were a fine body of men, numbering fourteen in all. The cestus that they fought with was a leather shield, fastened over the knuckles of the hand, and then braced up the arm with leather thongs. The face of the cestus was made of lead, about one inch and a half in thickness, and weighed two pounds. It can readily be imagined what a terrific and deadly blow such a weapon could give to the form of any one, if not properly stopped. The rule for the day was, that the victor of the cestus was to fight the gladiator, whose weapons were a trident and net.

Being stationed in pairs, they commenced to fight, showing many points of strategy that would have reflected credit on them, even at this day, for fistic prowess. For almost three hours the combat lasted, and then there were only two left standing. The discomfitted ones, some of them fearfully bruised and maimed were carried out, by the attendants. Of the two who were left, one was a native of Gaul, and the other a young man, Cinna by name. While these two were fighting, the gladiator with the trident and net entered. The manner of using it seemed very simple to the casual observer, but, in fact, it was some what difficult. The user of the weapon, had to throw his net over his antagonist, and then strike him with his trident. There was a smart chance for him to have his net cut to pieces by the sword of his antagonist, if he were not very careful; thus totally disarming him when this became the case.

We turn to the exponents of the cestus, and find one of them, the young man is down. A universal thrill seemed to animate the audience, for their sympathies were with him. He sprung lightly to his feet, however, and continued the fight, as if nothing was the matter.

"Lower thy arms," (a sign of defeat) growled the native of Gaul. "Lower thy arms——"

"Guard thyself," said the young man in reply, as he aimed a terrific blow at his opponent's temple, which was barely parried.

"Curse thee!" said the native of Gaul, through his set teeth. "Take it!" and he struck out, with all the fury and venom of his barbaric nature. Unfortunately, the young man was not so successful as to stop the blow in time. It took him in the temple, crushing his skull like an egg shell. The audience simultaneously arose, and made the sign of mercy. It was too late, the young man, Cinna by name, was dead. The victor lowered his arms, at the plaudits of the multitude and then turned to look at the gladiator with the trident and net. The grim attendants of the Spoliarium (the room for the dead bodies) now entered, and carried off the body of Cinna. The audience, as yet unused to the sight of blood, turned and shifted in their seats; while perfumed water from concealed pipes sprinkled them with a gentle and refreshing shower.

In the meantime, in a vaulted room, right off the Spoliarium, Becellus, with his friends, was awaiting his turn to enter. Never was there seen such a jovial, noisy crowd as those that surrounded Becellus; nor was he a bit behind them in merriment. They had been, and were now, conversing as to the quality of the sword made by his father Otto, for his son Becellus.

"It will cut a hair," said Otto. "Try it with this." And he held up a small skein of silk.

Becellus drew the sword, and, holding up the silk to the window, through which the wind stole softly, struck at it with his sword.

The silk was severed in an instant.

"My head on it," said a gladiator, Simon by name. "One chop like that, and the boar's head rolls in the dust."

"Thou art the mouthpiece of Truth," said Otto.

"I feel," said Becellus, "as if I could turn the world. I am as gritty as this whetstone."

"Ha! ha! good for Becellus! The Fates will never see his thread severed."

"Hand me the whetstone, boy," said Otto.

Becellus handed it to his father. Otto then rested it on an embrasure of the window, and lifting the sword, cut through the stone without turning the edge of the blade, or breaking the stone. It was a clean cut.

A shout from the gladiators.

"By Venus!" said a pert-looking little man, with a squeaky voice; "may I be doomed to lose fair woman's smile, if that blade doth not terrify me."

"It requires but little to do that," said Becellus." I would that there was less delay in the Arena."

"Time enough—time enough," said Simon.

Simon was right; there was time enough, and to spare; for the fight had but now commenced between the native of Gaul, who had been armed with a short sword, and the gladiator with the trident and net.

Cautiously the gladiator poised his net, and kept his small, glittering eye upon the movements of his antagonist, while he, the Gaul, was just as wily, and allowed no movement to take him by surprise. He advanced cautiously towards the gladiator Sejanus; while he, Sejanus, throwing his net over his own shoulders, flew around the Arena. Round and round the course they ran, until the native of Gaul, being rather stout, panted for breath. This excited the laughter of the populace to a great extent. At last Sejanus, by an unlucky slip of his foot, fell sprawling to the ground.

The Gaul was upon him in an instant; his bright blade glittered in the sunlight as he swung it above his head.

"I devote thy head to the Infernal Gods!" said he, as he lunged at Sejanus.

"Habet! habet! He has it," yelled the mob.

"A lie! I have it not," muttered Sejanus, as he parried the thrust with his trident.

Again the Gaul struck at Sejanus; again and again; but he was as yet uninjured.

The audience were perfectly wild with delight. This was a show, this was something worth looking at. A rare show, a goodly show; the very best yet.

"My slipper against thy head, Rabiere," said Domitian, that the trident beats the sword."

"Too much odds, my king," said Rabiere slyly. "I see that one man is up, the other down. One part of thy bet is up, the other down. Make it more even; then I take."

"Ha!" said Domitian, turning towards the Arena, "we will not bet. My slipper is of more account to me than thy head in the same place. Ha! are my words two edged?—do they bite?"

The wit was feeble; Rabiere had sense enough to know that, but he did not care to speak his thoughts. So he bowed, and said nothing.

The audience, at last, were becoming weary of the contest between the two gladiators, when the Gaul lost his guard. This was fatal to him. Before he could recover it, Sejanus thrust his trident through the abdomen, and the Gaul fell, as Sejanus sprang to his feet.

Sejanus drew out his trident, and, leaning upon it, awaited the action of the audience.

From the saw dust on which he lay, the dying Gaul turned his eyes upward to the countless thousands that met his gaze, and waited for some fluttering signal to assure him of his life, for he knew not that his wound was mortal.*

*The audience had the pardoning power. If they desired to save the life of a gladiator, they raised their hand, or called out; anything was sufficient for the purpose. If they did not, the man had to die.

Not a hand moved, not a word was heard; and so, as he thus saw his case so hopelessly portrayed, he turned away his head, and closed his eyes. Then from the Spoliarium there stalked a grim figure, well masked, who approached the prostrate Gaul, and raising his head, rested it across his knee.

He held his sword to the Gaul's throat, and listened. Not a word from the audience. Of all that huge crowd of matrons and maidens—of manhood in its prime, and those whose youth was but lately begun—not one seemed to feel a spark of pity for the Gaul. The executioner took a tighter hold of the gladiator's hair, and listened one more time—the last.

No answer.

The executioner turned, his blade glittered in the sunlight, and the Gaul's head rolled on the sawdust. A sigh, as it were, of relief seemed to animate the audience, as the attendants entered to arrange and make preparations for the final combat of the day—the boar fight.

"Rabiere," said Domitian, "seest thou that young girl with the basket of flowers, in the seat below us, on the right side?"

"For an hour mine eyes have followed her. She's as beautiful as Hebe!" said Rabiere.

"Have her come here," said Domitian, falling back on his cushions.

Rabiere and Pretonius exchanged winks, as the servant was sent for the young girl.

In a moment she was in the box of Domitian, holding out her flowers for their inspection.

"By Venus!" said Domitian, "thou art as gladdening to the eye as April showers. Who art thou?"

"A flower girl, my lord; nothing but a poor flower vender. Wilt thou buy?"

"Poor! with such beauty!" said Domitian. "*Poor!* No, no. Thy lips are a banquet for the Gods! Dost sell flowers?"

"I do, my lord."

"And thy beauty, too, perhaps?"

At this cruel remark, the young girl faltered, and then burst into tears.

"Gently, my king," said Rabiere. "Let me address her."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Domitian. "The wolf would caress the lamb. Well, let's see what thou wilt perform."

"What is thy name, girl?" said Rabiere.

"They call me," said she modestly, "Hestia."

"Thy birthplace, child," said Strephanus, "where is it?"

"I am of Greece."

"Why, the name she bears would have told thee that," said Domitian. "Is she not beautiful, Strephanus?"

"I am but an old man," said Strephanus; "the fires of my youth are but ashes now. I have no eye for beauty."

"Except in Roman coins," said Rabiere.

"As you please," said the old comptroller, tartly. "Perhaps the sight of gold is of a more frequent occurrence to me than to thyself."

"Bah!" said Domitian, "let all that pass. Wilt thou give me this flower, my maid?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Didst hear that?" said Domitian. "Didst hear the sweet voice falter out a timid 'yes?' By the Gods, girl, thou shalt reign in Rome!"

The object of these expressions of admiration seemed ill at ease. She was unaccustomed to have any such bold and licentious looks cast upon her as she was now made the recipient of.

"May I go now?" said she. "I have to sell this basket of flowers to-night, and the day wanes."

"We will take them all," said Domitian; "come up here by me."

"Go up, girl," said Rabiere, in a whisper; "no hurt will come to thee."

"I dare not!" said Hestia, shrinkingly.

"Ha! what?" said Domitian, frowning darkly. "Cannot come?—cannot come when thy king wills it? What means all this?"

"It means," said Rabiere, "that she never sat so high before, and is afraid that she will fall."

"I will encircle her with my arm," said Domitian, smiling. "I will encircle her as close as my girdle."

"I would rather go away, my lord, if it so please you?" said Hestia.

"That must not be," said Domitian; "for the boar fight is about to commence, and thou canst see it better here than elsewhere. Come thou!"

She hesitated a moment, looked timidly and imploringly at the laughing faces of those around, and then blushed crimson.

"Art afraid of me? Am I the boar, that I have to plead with thee?" said Domitian.

"No," faltered Hestia; "but——"

"What, child?" said Rabiere.

"Must I go?"

"Aye! that you must," said Rabiere.

"Then let me pass!" And Hestia, compressing her lips, mounted up the short flight of steps, and seated herself by Domitian's side.

"Look up, girl!" said he; "let me see the color of thy eyes."

"Every one is looking this way; let me hide myself."

The king glanced upward at the grinning faces of some of the mob with such a deadly look, that they turned and glanced at something else.

A flourish of trumpets from the Arena caused all eyes to turn that way, and Becellus entered.

As he did so, the young girl started, and half sprang from her seat.

"Be quiet," said Domitian, "and thou wilt see all."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHINESE PECULIARITIES.—When two Chinamen meet, their salutations do not consist, like ours, in the shaking of each other's hand, On the contrary, Ching wrings his own digits, Ling the same; and then the conversation commences. From the specimen we subjoin, it will be seen that it is the custom to laudate the individual spoken to, but for him to deprecate himself to the utmost:—"What is your honorable name?" "My insignificant appellation is Wong." "Where is your magnificent palace?" "My contemptible hut is at Suchan." "How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile, worthless brats are five." "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good for nothing old woman is well."

QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE STREET COMMISSIONER.—This document has just been published. It covers a term from July 1 to September 30, and contains the usual items of information. During the quarter it treats of, requisitions on the Comptroller have been drawn by the Street Department, to the amount of $430 319 24, of which $334, 868 18 were provided by taxes and $75 451 16 by assessment upon property benefited. Other information is given in the Report, interesting to citizens generally, but of too extended detail for particularization here.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. K., San Jo, Cal—*Base Ball.*—1. The umpire is the individual who alone can decide when to suspend play. The captains have nothing to do with this matter in base ball. The game should have been re-commenced the next day, not resumed from the innings played. However, in doing as he did, the umpire was correct in resuming the game from the last even innings played. If less than five innings be played, and the game be suspended, the rule, in this locality, is to begin the game at the first innings, but if five innings or more have been played, and anything occurs to induce a suspension of play, the game is decided by the result of the last even innings played. 2. The captains can, of course, make any changes in the *position* of their players on the field they choose, but cannot substitute others in their places unless from illness or injury. All objections to players for not being members within the prescribed time must be made before the commencement of the game, not afterwards. The captain of the Eagles had a perfect right to do as he did, in changing his pitcher, and sending the first base man to pitch; but he could not take another pitcher *into the nine* in place of the one originally selected, without the consent of the opposite party. We have attended to your order as far as we could. Scoring books are only furnished to order, as the demand is not great enough to warrant a standing supply.

PROMPTER, Brooklyn.—You share a very common error, in supposing that "elegance and propriety of behavior" characterise the general audiences of the Italian Opera House, London. As an instance of how vulgarly and how unfairly too, the frequenters of that place can conduct themselves, we may refer to the first appearance of the Italian tenor, Felici, in the opera of "Zampa," early in the season of 1844. The gentleman named was a thorough musician, with a fine organ, a noble bearing, and altogether a handsome person, but *because* he was afflicted with a cold, for which the indulgence of the *habitues* of the Opera House had been solicited, he was hissed in his several scenes, and finally compelled to return to Italy, where, it is to be hoped, he met better treatment and success.

OSWICK, Clarendon Hotel, N. Y.—The quickest time claimed for the steamers you name, so far as we can discover, after a careful search of the record, is for the Vanderbilt, from Sandy Hook to the Needles, 9 days 4½ hours; for the Persia, from Sandy Hook to the bar off Liverpool, 9 days 1½ hours; for the Adriatic, (on her first trip,) from New York to Point Lynas, 10 days 4 hours, which would, had she continued running straight on to Liverpool, it is computed, have been increased to 10 days 8 hours. Of their western trips, nothing extraordinary, or equal to their eastern voyages, having been accomplished, no particular record has appeared, except for the Vanderbilt, for which 9 days 16 hours and 48 minutes is claimed.

G. AND C., Baltimore.—The record of the census of 1855 does not give the number of the colored population of New York City separately; but in a Gazetteer of 1835 their number was set down at 15,000. Also, in the present tax list of New York, it appears that there are 10,807 colored persons *taxed*. Judging from these figures, therefore, we should say that the colored population of New York City at present far exceeds 20,000, which will doubtless be proved when the returns of the present census are published.

ASPIRANT, New York.—1. Mr. James Wallack, Sen., has only two sons—Lester Wallack, the actor, being the eldest. The second son, Henry, is an officer in the British service. The third, Charles, was treasurer for his father at the theatre on Broadway, during the first three seasons of Mr. Wallack's lesseeship. He died very suddenly, in September, 1855, in the thirtieth year of his age. 2. Mr. Moore and Mr. Moss were the succeeding treasurers.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.—1. He never appeared in the ring. In his day he was, certainly, an excellent teacher of the art, but we do not estimate him so highly of late; our opinion is, that there are many teachers, of lesser note, who can better instruct a pupil. If a showy, scientific sparrer, possesses strength as well, he should not only hold his own, but beat the mere fighter. 2. We do not know the party referred to.

G. H. A.—1. To tell a right from a left gaffle, take hold at the socket (holding it from you) and look from point to heel; and whichever way the point inclines, will denote whether the gaffle be for the right or left leg. 2. We do not always make mention of fights to come; we do so only when requested, or when there is an important main to be decided.

B. Z., New York.—Wemyss, the actor, died at his residence (office of the American Dramatic Fund Association) in Crosby street, New York, on the 6th of January, 1859. He was buried on the 8th, at Cypress Hills Cemetery. We believe some memorial has been placed over his grave. At all events, an item for such a thing figures in the expenditures of the Society.

FALL RIVER.—1. We have no knowledge of Cosgrove ever being engaged as principal in a fight. He was to have fought Kerrigan, some time ago, but paid forfeit. Cosgrove trained Harry Finegass when the latter was matched to fight Roche. 2. Fitz and O'Neil, we understand, are getting along very cleverly in their training.

JERSEY.—"Please decide the following:—I bet that Lincoln does not carry the State of New Jersey. Do I win or lose?".....There was no complete party ticket elected in New Jersey, four Lincoln electors and three on the Union ticket having received the largest number of votes. Our opinion, therefore, is, that the bet is a draw.

GYMNAST, N. Y.—1. We are not fully posted in reference to Dr. Winship's achievements, but it is stated that he has lifted a dead weight with his hands, unassisted by straps or levers across the shoulders, of 929 pounds. 2. A man would have to be an athlete indeed, to be able to lift a "hotel coach" clear from the ground.

A. B. B. PLAYER, N. Y.—We are informed that none but members of the B. B. Association are admitted to listen to the deliberations of that body, except members of the press, unless by special consent of the meeting.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Rochester.—"Where, or how can hair dye be obtained that will color yellow?".....Now you've got us where our hair's short—we don't know. To color the hair black is the popular dye in this vicinity.

B.—"In playing 'four up,' A is three and B two; A turns jack, and B holds ace and deuce. Which wins?".....A wins, as jack counts as soon as it is turned up, while the points for high and low are not taken until the hand is played.

FAST, Barnesville, O.—1. Graham's Phonography has run all the stenographic works out of the market pretty much. It can be obtained through any bookseller. 2. Doesticks' proper name is Mortimer Thompson.

TURNCOAT.—A loses; Gen. Scott holds the rank of *Lieutenant* General, a grade created expressly for him by act of Congress. We believe there is an Adjutant General to each of the divisions of the U. S. A., but what officers hold that rank we cannot say.

AMITY, Philad'a.—After a member has resigned from a club, of course his connection with the club is for the time being dissolved, and as a consequence the "thirty day" penalty would apply to him, just as though he had never been a member.

JUSTICE, Philad'a.—If your former statement was incorrect, what guarantee have we that the present is not so? The contradiction should have come from some one connected with the Arab.

J. L., Utica, N. Y.—Wilson's work is not to be procured; but Ross & Tousey, of 121 Nassau street, can forward you the Taxidermist's Manual.

GATES, Cincinnati.—1. The President can pardon them, if he thinks proper so to do. 2. The first of each two, in the order you have placed them.

METHEGLIN, Jersey City.—The popular vote of New York State for President, in 1856, was as follows:—Fremont, 276,004; Buchanan, 195,878; Fillmore, 124,604.

WIDE AWAKE, Detroit.—A is not entitled to score the Jack as soon as made, in play, where Jack is turned up, however, it is counted immediately.

J. W., Worcester.—The distance from Boston to Liverpool is a little more than 2700 miles.

R. R. W. Y., Memph's.—Bottom was found in many places, and at various depths; the cable was laid on the bottom.

PHILADELPHIA.—We do not know where, if at all, you may procure one of Sayers' colors.

CONSTANT READER, Lafayette, Ind.—Heenan has not challenged Morrissey since his return from England.

S. O. C., Buffalo.—Mr. C. W. Couldock is at present performing at the Winter Garden, in this city.

B. B.—Miss Laura Keene first appeared in this country, at what is now Wallack's Theatre.

IGNORAMUS, Brooklyn.—The meaning of "hors de combat" is, out of the combat; disabled to fight.

E. S. B.—Lizzie Weston Davenport, now Mrs. Charles Mathews, was the wife of A. H. (not E. L.) Davenport.

N. McB., Biddeford, Me.—Send on your dollar, and the book shall be forwarded.

HUDSON.—Apply to some of those whose cards you may see under our Ring head.

M. HAMBURGER, Columbia, O.—Your card is an advertisement, and should be paid for as such.

T. BLIZARD, Danbury, Conn.—1, is an advertisement.

PETER SMITH.—The Vanderbilt. See answer to "Office."

R. M. B., Paducah, Ky.—The CLIPPER of that date is out of print.

W. C. C., Washington, Ind.—Have mailed a letter to your address.

BASE BALL CONVENTION.—The National Association of Base Ball Players will hold their annual meeting on the 12th of December next, in the Mercantile Library Lecture Room, Clinton Hall, in this city.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Hurst Victorious!

A BRIEF BATTLE AND A CHANCE BLOW.

ANOTHER of those great events, great in itself let its concomitants and termination be what they may, has transpired. It is no ordinary array of strength and science and endurance, that is presented to the attention when the great BELT, England's guerdon to her bravest and best son, is added to the scale, with all other considerations; and, what is dearer and more to be coveted by every brave and honest heart, the sentiment embodied in that soul stirring title—Champion of England—which accompanies the winning of the more material trophy. Such a fight we have had once again; such a trophy honest and brave hearts have longed for; for it earnest endeavors have been put forth in the preparation; and to win it, might and science have been exerted in manly encounter.

This struggle has always awakened a national interest of more or less intensity, as the aspirants were more or less known to fame, or personally popular. But when a foreigner, or even any unexpected claimant has put forth his pretentions for the honors—then has an unusual *furore* been excited, spreading, sometimes, far beyond the confines of nationality. Witness the intense excitement, nay, passions aroused, when the redoubtable black, Molyneaux, came forward and bearded even England's mightest fistic chief on his very throne. Witness the interest exhibited on the occurrence of the every struggle of that agile wonder of this century, Tom Sayers. Witness the absorbing enthusiasm which pervaded and swayed to its core society in two hemispheres, when our own Champion made his essay for the same mighty goal. How our ears tingle with very shame for England's proudest boast practically falsified in their every movement, from tampered—with authorities to "renegade referee." Witness, lastly, the interest which has gradually grown up around this last encounter.

Of course no one could have been so unobservant of the phases excitements like this are sure to take, as to have seriously expected even a tithe of the deep-seated enthusiasm, real, enduring intensity of feeling engendered by its immediate predecessor; still, the interest from the general causes we have named was sure to be, as must always accrue, very great. And it even has more than a national significance still, from the well-known probability that Heenan may yet challenge the victor to another trial for the trophy, the highest to which a boxer of the present day can attain. He literally now takes "one of his own size."

Of the causes we have enumerated out of which intense interest in this struggle is always sure to arise, that of a new competitor appearing from an unexpected quarter, and himself almost totally unknown, was the leading incentive to interest. Its progress may be summed up thus:—At first the feeling was little more than blank apathy; then curiosity; then interest; then excitement; then the shouts of victory, through the echoes of which an unknown man, a novice we might say, wakes up and finds himself something more than famous—Champion of England. It was height, weight, reach, youth, and towering ambition re science, a stout heart and a strong arm, and the will to dare and do—but, alas! over all these great qualities of soul and body the resistless and remorseless wing of decay-bringing time has thrown its dark shadow—and the result is soon told. The brave Paddock having done all that nature admitted, is prostrated by a blow his science could not evade or his frame endure, and falls—to rise no more in the fistic arena. His conqueror now stands the bright particular star of pugilism; and, it must be spoken by the unwilling, as it is proudly pointed out by his admirers, he towers a mightier representative of his high place, prouder in himself, than any Champion England has for many a long day seen. And this, not so much from what he has done in this particular battle, which has so suddenly elevated him to his throne, as the assured proof he has given of great capacities when called out. As our contemporary quoted in the fight given herewith says, "New blood has been infused into the series," and from this point, renewed enthusiasm is coupled with the race for the trophy itself, in the way of aiming at so high a mark; and in the actual contests for it, as they from time to time transpire.

The credit of the Ring is, in a measure, re-established. The contest was most quiet and orderly, in every respect. On this point we forbear "odious comparisons" any further for the present; lay the contest with pride and pleasure before our readers, each of whom will extend the comments as he listeth.

THE BOY AND THE INFANT.

Now that the battle for the Championship of England has been decided in favor of the Staleybridge Infant, much interest will naturally arise to learn whether the champions, respectively, of England and America, will have a meeting. Heenan, as we announced in the CLIPPER a few weeks since, authorised us to state that he would fight the Infant for from $1000 to $10,000, and that he would give the latter $1000 to fight in this country. As a successful man, we may now look for a reply from Hurst. Whether the Infant will come here to fight is much questioned; as Champion of the English Ring he is compelled to fight all comers, but is not obliged to leave England. However, if a fair field could be guaranteed the Benicia Boy, it is highly probable that he might be induced to "beard the lion in his den" again. We shall see—a short time will decide the question, and in the meantime we may look for something from John C. Heenan on the subject.

CHAMPION SCULLER.

WHAT OF WARD'S CHALLENGE?—It is pretty near time that we had some answer from the Champion Sculler of England, to Joshua Ward's manly challenge. More than sufficient time has elapsed since Ward sent over his challenge, for the Thames champion to have studied its points and made up his mind whether to accept or reject the bold defi of the American. All we want is an answer. It may be that Chambers fears to row the match in the United States. If so, let him be frank, and so declare himself. If such should be the case, Ward may agree to split the difference, and row the match at Halifax, or on some of the waters in the British provinces. Mind, we do not state this on the authority of Ward, but knowing the man as we do, and being fully convinced of his anxiety to meet the British champion, we have every confidence in his willingness to row in British waters, rather than lose the opportunity of testing the question of superiority with Chambers. Therefore, we say, let the Thames representative say something, so that the American champion may understand how to shape his future course. We have called attention to the subject much oftener than we are in the habit of doing, and if we do not hear from Chambers soon, we shall take it for granted that he fears the proposed contest.

HURST'S PORTRAIT.—We have in hand what purports to be a likeness of Sam. Hurst, the present Champion of England; but as it is no more like him than a hog is like a hen, we have not thought it honest to have it engraved for the CLIPPER. It represents Hurst as one of the big-bugs of England in appearance and dress, whereas it is well known that he is a raw, country-looking clodhopper. At the proper time we will give an accurate likeness of the Infant.

A CONTRAST, AND A STRONG ONE.

HEENAN AND SAYERS—HURST AND PADDOCK.

As an American, personally, and, more particularly, as the organ representing and upholding American sporting interests, we cannot forbear a few remarks upon the very strong contrast presented for our contemplation and comment, by the present battle for the Championship of England, and its immediate predecessor. The then and now, present points of contrast that can never do less than awaken the ire of every honorable sporting man, of whatsoever clime; while, one would think, the very naming of the two events should crimson with shame the cheeks of every high-minded Englishman, and cause him to avert his eyes from the gaze of every indignant lover of something more than the mere hollow cry of fair play, however that falsified expression may become the organs of speech.

Then, the authorities were tampered with—perhaps we may express it as, excited to an altogether unheard-of and uncalled-for degree of vigilance—now, no one thinks it necessary to interfere in any, even the smallest degree, with the well known preparations going on for the fight. Neither has the old gag about "training in a sporting county" been thought necessary to be called into requisition. Then, a great deal of sympathy was excited for "Little Tom," at his meeting a great, big, strapping fellow of acknowledged pluck, power, and (as proved) of unlooked for skill. Nevertheless, Tom's pluck, skill, and power, were so well-known, and so far relied on, that even the pending referee not only bet his "pile" on him, but advised every Englishman to do the same—still, and mark it, so ticklish was their own position felt to be, that no stone was left unturned to annoy, and dispirit, nay worse, to disable his mighty antagonist. *Now*, what is the spectacle to contrast with this? We have an old man, stiff with age, scarred with many an honorable wound, honorable but disabling souvenirs of many a previous hard fought battle. Now, in the name of all that is honorable or humane, or betokens fine sensibilities, is not the position of this man, one calling for more sympathy and considerate interest than that of the pet, Tom; and that, too, when he is called to meet as much pluck, as towering an ambition, as great height, as long a reach, greater weight, and, probably, as great strength as Tom himself was called upon to encounter? Yet such honor, and humanity, and sensibility does not, at least, seem to exist; or, if it does, it was so far hidden beneath what we are accustomed to consider "Dutch" and not English, "phlegm." It doth not appear. Oh, no! forsooth; this Tom was to encounter an Englishman; that, was to meet a "confounded upstart Yankee." Do the prescribed proposals of combat warrant the difference of act and feeling? Nay, verily.

Again; far be it from us to contrast our chivalrous Champion's treatment and persecutions, with the present English incumbent's entire freedom from such annoyances, for the purpose of wishing he had received them, or complaining that he did not—but to express once again our indignation that so called sporting men so well know their duty in the premises, and then make such distinctions as to the occasions on which their knowledge shall be honorably put in practice or fraudulently used. The present incumbent is allowed to challenge, train for, come into the arena, and whip in the shortest of all short orders an old man, evidently as powerless as a child before him, and no hand is raised to shelter the weak from the mightiest blow of his mighty arm. We rejoice with him that his case stands forth so clear; but by means of the contrast again charge home upon those guilty, from proud referee to humble ring keeper, a consideration of their own meanness before the gazing and commenting world in making such discriminations in defiance of their own proposed high code of "fair play and no favors, to all comers."

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB MEETING.—The fall meeting of this club was held at the "House of Lords," of which one of the once famous New England Eleven, James Howell, is the worthy host, on Monday evening, 12th inst., the then President, Mr. Henry Sharp, occupying the "wool sack." The first part of the business of the evening, the investigating of the pecuniary affairs of the club, owing to the indefatigable exertions of the efficient treasurer and Secretary, during the past season, proved more than satisfactory, a good balance on hand being announced. The next thing on the docket was the election of officers, which resulted in Mr. Bailliere being chosen as President; Mr. Hearne, Vice President; and the Treasurer and Secretary, Messrs. Higham and Spivey, being retained. The propriety of their annual dinner taking place was then discussed, when it was finally agreed that it should take place on the evening of Wednesday, the 28th inst., but the place is not yet fully decided upon, although the House of Lords is as yet thought the most eligible. The meeting, although not numerous, was in every respect an enthusiastic one as regards the "noble game," and gave evidence that the members of the New York Club, as a body, are still cricketers indeed, and fully alive to their own importance as the leading cricket club of New York City.

POLICE! POLICE!—There was no breaking up of the ring at the fight between Paddock and the Infant, and the referee was not "forced away from his position" by the mob. Why? Because it was not necessary. There was no fear of "that Belt" being carried out of the country, no matter who might prove the victor, so there was no occasion for any outside interference as in the case of Heenan and Sayers. Paddock, old, "stale, flat and unprofitable," weighing 168 lbs., was led up to fight a greater giant than the Benicia Boy, the Infant's fighting weight being two hundred and eight pounds! There was no sympathy for "poor Tom" on this occasion, and he fell on his merits. So mote it be.

THE VANDERBILT has the luck of bringing us news of the Championship. It was this fleet steamer that brought us intelligence of the Heenan and Sayers battle, and now she brings us the first news of the Hurst and Paddock fight. She arrived here about noon on Sunday, and we soon procured our papers, had the report of the fight put in type, and by 10 o'clock Sunday night our presses were running off CLIPPERS at an equally fast gait. So we go.

NOT MUCH.—The Hurst and Paddock fight didn't amount to much; and it was so soon over that we can form no definite opinion of Hurst's abilities. No doubt he will soon be matched again, when he will be afforded a better opportunity to display his points. What a splendid match Heenan and Hurst would make. What says the Boy?

HEENAN.—The Boy is still on his travels, in company with Jones, Price, the strong man, etcetera. The corps were not very favorably impressed with Canada, and they got out of the wilderness as soon as possible. A report of their progress since our last will be found in another part of this issue.

BATTLES OF THE OLDEN TIME.—We commence in this issue the first of a series of old-time battles, such as have never before been published in this country. Our opening mill is that between the Suffolk champion and Kent.

AHEAD AGAIN.—Knowing the anxiety of our patrons to read the news concerning the battle for the championship of England, we issue the CLIPPER this week one day in advance of our usual time.

NOTICE.—On account of going to press on Sunday evening, with the account of the fight for the championship of England, several articles, and many items of theatrical and show news are unavoidably deferred until next week.

SPORTING MATTERS IN PHILADELPHIA.

BASE BALL.—EQUITY VS ATHLETIC.

TROTTING, ETC., ETC.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, Nov. 17.

By the time this epistle comes to hand, you will, if the Vanderbilt meets with no accident, in all probability be the recipient of the anxiously expected news of the battle which occurred in England upon the day of our Presidential struggle. Considering this fact, I will endeavor to be brief, and condense my letter as much as possible.

I will commence my chronicle by giving the details of the event of the week—the base ball match between the Equity and Athletic clubs, and the defeat of the latter. The match took place on Monday afternoon, on the St. George's Cricket Club ground, Camac's Woods. The entire game was not played, owing to an acknowledgment of defeat by the Athletics. A little ill feeling was noticeable throughout the game, and too strongly exhibited in the eighth innings. But at the end of the game, the clubs cheered each other; and if the remarks of Mark Antony upon the assassination of Julius Cæsar were an eulogy upon the conspirators, then were the cheers of the opposing clubs sincere. But no matter, the parties left the field, many of them arm in arm with each other—thus exhibiting that the ire displayed was absolutely temporary. Mr. Smith, of the Winona, I am authorized to state by a prominent member of the defeated nine, (and I concur with him) discharged his duties in a fair and impartial manner. Annexed is the score:—

EQUITY.	H.	L.	RUNS.
H Shantz, short stop	2		5
Munn, centre field	4		3
Loughery, left field	2		4
B Shantz, 1st base	3		3
Knight, 2d base	2		2
Stevens, pitcher	2		3
Booz, right field	4		2
Fackler, catcher	2		4
Daniels, 3d base	3		3
Total			29

ATHLETIC.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Moore, centre field	2		3
Kaercher, pitcher	3		2
Croasdale, right field	2		3
Megary, 3d base	2		2
Mudie, short stop	4		1
Deal, left field	3		2
Vernon, catcher	3		2
Bartine, 1st base	2		1
Davis, 2d base	3		1
Total			17

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
Equity	2	3	17	3	0	1	3	0	0—29
Athletic	2	2	3	2	1	4	2	1	0—17

Passed balls on which bases were run—Fackler 7.

Left on third base—Stevens.

Struck out—Booz and Deal.

Home runs—Loughery and Stevens.

Umpire—Joseph B. Smith, of the Winona.

The Messrs. Vernon, Mudie, Davis, and Kaercher, of the Athletic, it was conjectured, would, in some parts of the game, display some excellent playing, as they are formidable cricketers; but the points anticipated were not exhibited. Indeed, their play did not come up to the standard. It being their first play, however, they are most certainly excusable.

On Thursday, the members of the Athletic Club proceeded to Mauch Chunk, Pa., for the purpose of playing a game of ball with some young men of that place. Base ball, it seems, was a new game to them, that which they generally play being the Massachusetts game. The clubs, however, played a match of base ball according to the rules of the Association, the Athletics scoring 38 to their opponents' 4. Subsequently a game of Massachusetts ball was got up. The Mauch Chunk gentlemen, in this game, scored 45, and the Athletics 42. At a late hour the Athletics returned home, all of whom speak in high terms of the treatment of the "country fellows."

The Convention to be held in New York on the 12th proximo seems to create a considerable amount of excitement and conversation. Two or three of the clubs have chosen delegates. The delegates from this city, I believe, will receive no instructions. The sentiment in regard to the catching of the ball on the bound is most assuredly to oppose the abolishing of the present rule, unless too many cricketers are permitted to receive credentials. As soon as all the clubs shall have elected delegates, I will send you the names.

Jupiter Pluvius must be dead! Old Boreas must have ceased to exist! At all events, the atmospheric clerk certainly has these detestable ruffians completely under his control, for the remarkably serene weather of the past six days has been positively enchanting. The proprietors and managers of the trotting parks took advantage of these Indian summer days, as will be seen by the following:—On Wednesday afternoon, the nags Brother Jonathan and Capitola contested for a purse of two hundred dollars, best three in five, over the Point Breeze Park. The day was exquisitely fine, and a large number of spectators was in attendance. At about half-past three o'clock the animals got off, and Capitola won the race in three straight heats, in 2:49; 2:44; and 2:43. The following is the recapitulation. Mr. Shoemaker enters b. g. Brother Jonathan; Mr. McConnell enters b. m. Capitola, mile heats, best three in five to harness, for a purse of two hundred dollars.

Capitola.....1 1 1
Brother Jonathan.....2 2 2
Time, 2:49; 2:44; 2:43.

On Thursday a pacing match took place at the same park, between Jim Crow, James Buchanan, and Elephant. The announcement of this exhibition drew together a large crowd of people, many of whom were ladies. The race was two mile heats, best three in five. On the first start, Jim Crow succeeded in obtaining a decided lead, which he maintained, winning the heat in 5:23. The next three heats were won by Elephant in 5:25; 5:34½; and 5:39. It was an exceedingly interesting race. The following is the recapitulation:—R. M. Speakman enters brown g. James Buchanan. J. N. Cunningham enters black g. Jim Crow. Wm. Clarke enters b. g. Elephant. Match race, two mile heats, in harness, best three in five.

Elephant.....2 1 1 1
Jim Crow.....1 2 2 2
James Buchanan.....0 0 0 0
Time, 5:23; 5:25; 5:34½; 5:39.

At the Oxford Park, some eight hundred persons assembled on Thursday afternoon to witness a trot between the bay mares Jenny and Capitola. The race was best three in five. Jenny won in three straight heats, in 2:40; 2:46; 2:46.

Late in the afternoon of the same day a match was contested by g. g. Geo. Magee and b. m. Lily. This was mile heats, best two in three. The race was won by Magee, in 2:52 and 2:49. Although the horses did not in any of the above races display any very great propelling powers, the fault was not in the tracks, both of which were in a superior condition.

SHAKER.

SPORTS IN CLEVELAND.—FRIEND QUEEN:—Not having seen anything in your valuable paper, of late, concerning sports in the "Forest City," I thought that a few lines now and then would not come amiss. Sport of all kinds has been quite dull during the past season, but of late have received a sudden impetus, and there is plenty of it now going on.

A game and well-contested fight came off on Nov. 7th, at Jas. Brown's Seneca street pit, between Jas. Brown's (Murphy's) red dog Cadger, and Tom Andrews' (Carey's) white dog Prinny, for $50. Both dogs showed good game and endurance. Some fifteen scratches were made, and the fight was won by Cadger in one hour and 28 minutes. Neither dog exceeded 31 pounds in weight.

Another match came off on Nov. 12th, between Robt. Fitzgerald's dog Soldier, and Tom Andrews' (F. Terry's) dog Billy, at 21 pounds, for $100. It was one of the best contested fights that it has ever been our good fortune to witness, and was won by Fitzgerald's dog, who killed his opponent in one hour and ten minutes. The fight consisted of only one round, not a turn being made during the fight. Fitzgerald's dog was badly punished, but took his gruel without grumbling. Andrews' dog died about two hours after the fight was over. He was terribly punished, and showed himself to be of "prime stuff."

There is considerable fun commencing in the cocking line, and Jim Brown has some chickens which are good ones, and a match can be made at any time by calling on him at his house on Seneca street.

The corps de pugilistique are all in a fever of excitement at the expected advent of His Royal Highness, John C. Heenan (the Benniky Boy) and suite, who are expected here next week.

After the appearance of the Royal party, I will endeavor to give you a brief account of their doings, and the manner in which they are received by the citizens of the Forest City.

Yours, truly, DICK.

THE FIGHT

FOR THE

CHAMPIONSHIP

OF ENGLAND,

AND 400 POUNDS,

BETWEEN

TOM PADDOCK AND SAM HURST.

From the Sporting Telegraph, Nov. 7.

Early in the beginning of the present year an intense excitement was created throughout the United Kingdom, as well as in America and on the Continent, in consequence of the anticipated contest between Heenan and Sayers for the Belt, which had been so gallantly won and held by our little wonder, who step by step, had risen from the foot to the topmost round of the pugilistic ladder, and, notwithstanding his light weight (10st 10lb) he not only had the audacity to challenge, but the skill and indomitable courage to carry out his contests with the Tipton Slasher, Aaron Jones, &c., with the greatest success. When it was a certainty that the fight between Heenan and Sayers would take place, the secresy and mystery that enveloped Heenan added to the curiosity which pervaded all classes. Letters which had arrived from America, from both public and private parties, ran the round of the sporting papers, and added, if anything, to the cloud which enveloped the Great Unknown. The proceedings of Sayers were as usual the complete reverse of secresy, but nevertheless he proceeded to get himself into the best possible trim for the contest; which on all sides was looked upon in the light of an international combat, and by many it was regarded as an exposition of the oft-mooted question regarding the decline of the human race in America. This we are not learned enough to argue upon; but still we think that both his (Heenan's) parents being from Ireland, at least he must be looked upon as only one remove in constitution (as far as climate is concerned) from his opponent, who is of Irish parents, but born in England. Had there been two or three generations passed, then the trial might have been a test of the physical qualities of the Western hemisphere. How Heenan was taken under the fostering care of Jack McDonald, the prince of seconds, and removed from place to place, and his arrest in Derbyshire, have already appeared in our columns, as well as the doings of our particular champion. The 17th of April was the day fixed for the tournament, and as the appointed time drew near, the number of visitors who arrived from America, almost daily, proved the light in which the countrymen of Heenan considered the event, while the whole of England was in arms at even the attempt of a foreigner, as he was called and considered, to wrest the laurels from the brow of Tom Sayers, whose former victories had raised the national pride of all England, the little spot which had always been considered the birth-place of all pugilistic stars. That the excitement increased as the day approached, was patent to all, from the mere fact that "bulletins," respecting the health, &c., of both men, appeared in the sporting journals almost daily, and on the day of the fight the scene at the point of departure was indescribable, there being no less than three special trains despatched to the scene of action. On arriving at the battle-field, the picture which met the eye of the spectator was extraordinary, as men of all classes could be recognized, from the peer down to the most humble fancier, as well as the most numerous assemblage of the intermediate classes ever witnessed, while almost every pugilist who could, at any sacrifice, be present, honored the contest with his presence. After a gallant contest on both sides, for 2 hours and 6 minutes, in which both men were severely punished, Heenan being almost totally blind, and Sayers having his right arm disabled, Heenan had got Sayers in a position of great danger at the ropes; and whether from the pressure of the police, who had interfered at this time, or from the crowd is not known, but it is certain that the referee was carried away!! and the ropes loosed. Two or three more rounds were fought without a referee, when the men were forced to retire from the ring. The money was afterwards drawn, and a belt given to the rival champions by subscription. The title of Champion being in abeyance, soon brought out another aspirant for the honor, viz, Sam Hurst, whose friends made a match with the American, which, however, did not go on, to the annoyance of Hurst. He then wanted to claim the championship, but Tom Paddock and his friends took into consideration the propriety of making a match, and an affirmative being decided upon, the present match was concluded for £200 a side and the Champion's Belt. Of the previous doings of the men we have given notice elsewhere; suffice it to say that the Staleybridge Hero is a giant compared with Paddock, standing 6 feet 2½ inches, and weighing 14st 10lb. That there was but a small degree of interest excited by the event we are sorry to chronicle, no doubt, in a great measure, in consequence of the scene which was witnessed at the place of departure for the Mace and Brettle contest, and should it be repeated we can safely prophecy the total downfall of the Ring, which event at present is like "Mahomet's Coffin," hanging in the balance. That it is the pugilists' fault entirely we do not at all assert; but when it is well known what chances (over which the pugilists have no control) a scene of riot gives to that class who always follow for the sake of getting to the scene of action free of expense, and of taking advantage of every confusion to pursue his unlawful occupation with impunity. If under the present arrangements matters are in future carried out with more security to the officials who have the control of the affair in their hands, there can be no doubt that the Ring would again flourish, even if it did not regain its pristine vigour. That Championship fights in the aggregate do not come up to the anticipations of the sanguine is most true, but it must be borne in mind that in almost every case the difference in the size of the combatants is most marked; and our readers have only to reconsider the Heenan and Sayers contest, and the disparity between the present gladiators, as well as the weight of the men—who almost invariably average over 12 stone—that such quickness and science cannot in every instance be expected in such a marked manner as has been evinced by our gallant Tom. There have no doubt been battles fought, ever since men have differed in the opinion of their respective physical qualities, but there is no authentic record of any performances until the time of Figg, who was the first recognized Champion, and as we have appended the performances of all who have held the "proud title," our space will not allow us to do more than give the conditions on which the belt is held for competition.

CONDITIONS OF THE PRESENT CHAMPION'S BELT.

About the year 1855, a proposition was set on foot for raising by subscription a sum of money to purchase a belt of greater intrinsic value than anything of the kind previously produced. Lists were opened, and before long a sum of nearly £100 was collected. To Mr. Hancock, of New Bond street, was entrusted the manufacture of the trophy, and from that gentleman's establishment was produced the elegant badge of the highest fistic honors. On the belt being ordered, the committee who undertook its management issued the following as the conditions on which it should be held:—

"That it should not be handed over to any person claiming the Championship until he had proved his title to it by a fight. That any pugilist having held it against all comers for three years without a defeat should become its absolute possessor. That the holder should be bound to meet every challenge, of every weight, who should challenge him for £100 a side, within six months after the issue of such challenge, within the three years. That he should not be bound to fight for less than £200 a side. That, at the final deposit for every match within the three years, the Belt should be given up to the committee until after the battle. And, finally, that on the Belt being given to the winner of any champion fight, he should deposit such security as should be deemed necessary, in the hands of the committee, to ensure the above regulations being carried out"

Shortly after the undecided international contest between the representatives of the old country and America, a fresh aspirant to the Championship appeared in the form of a giant novice of the name of Sam Hurst, who hailed from Staleybride, and £25 a side was soon stuck for a match of £200 a side with Heenan. This affair by some means fell to the ground, and the men drew their money, much to the disgust of Hurst and his backers, who considered that they had a good claim to the forfeit. The patrons of the Ring were now considering the point as to who should be the candidate to meet the Staleybridge Infant, and were agreeably surprised to hear, through our columns, that Harry Broome had been given a deposit, which was left at the stakeholder's to make a match for Tom Paddock to fight Hurst for £200 a side and the Champion's Belt. Hurst was no way slow in covering the money, and articles were drawn up at Alec Keene's to fight on Nov. 6, 1860, in the home circuit. Notwithstanding the large amount and the splendid trophy for which the stalwart heroes had to contend, all interest in the affair seemed to be dormant, and speculation was a dead letter. We can only account for this state of affairs from the fact of Paddock being considered as a veteran whose day had gone by, that he was stale, and that his thorough recovery from his long illness was more than doubtful. On the other hand, Hurst was a totally untried man; and notwithstanding the flaming accounts of his immense strength, his herculean proportions, and rare qualities as a wrestler, the sporting public could not be roused to the proper pitch of enthusiasm which so brilliantly characterised the previous contest. Tom Paddock, from former experience, did not leave a stone unturned in preparing himself for the forthcoming encounter with his formidable antagonist, and as his weight was above 14st. 10lb., he began by degrees to reduce the superfluous bulk, and was far advanced in his training when he received orders to remove to his country quarters, which orders he forthwith obeyed, taking with him his old friend and mentor Dando, to look after his health and morals. The first locale he tried was his old quarters at Leatherhead, but in this instance they were full, and in no place in the village could the gallant Tom be accommodated; therefore a journey back to the metropolis became necessary. A council was held, and Eastbourne was fixed upon as the favored spot. When Tom had arrived, and was making himself comfortably at home, a party in blue politely intimated that a magistrate resided in the town of Eastbourne, and that he had set his face against pugilism. Paddock at once decided upon a removal, and took himself off to Weston-super-Mare, where he remained a week, the quietness of the place not suiting Tom's complaint; at the expiration of which time he removed to Brighton, at his favorite and lucky "hostelrie," the Flying Dutchman, on the Race Hill. His weight a day or two previous to the contest taking place was only 12st, thus having reduced himself 2st 10lb. Sam Hurst took his breathings in the neighborhood of Birmingham, diversified with a change of quarters into Lancashire until the last few weeks, when he removed to Polethorpe, attended by Jem Hodgkiss and Harry Poulson, of Nottingham, who has been his mentor in the scientific portion of his training. His weight when he first began work was over 18st, which mountain of flesh he has reduced to 14st 10lb, at which weight, our correspondent at Birmingham assures us, he has not an ounce of superfluous flesh. We append the performances of Paddock as well as a few words respecting Hurst.

TOM PADDOCK.

This candidate for the championship was born at Redditch, in 1824, and made his first bow in the Prize Ring Dec. 3, 1844, when he defeated Elijah Parsons, for £20 a side, in 23 rounds, and 22 minutes. He next beat Nobby Clarke, a very clever boxer, standing 6 feet high, who, had he not possessed a soft place under his fifth rib, might have aspired to the highest rank in his profession. The fight took place Jan. 27, 1846, and 44 rounds were fought in 55 minutes, Paddock only winning from sheer courage and determination, and receiving the lion's share of heavy punishment. On the 6th April the same men again met, when the old story was repeated, Tom winning in 35 rounds and 43 minutes. He was now matched against the "Bold Bendigo," who was then advancing into years, being at this time in his 39th year. Here, the youth, vigor and determination of Paddock, could he have restrained the impetuosity of his temper, would have carried him successfully through the contest; but his headlong precipitation and want of self-control proved fatal to his chance of winning. Irritated by the shifty dodges and dropping tactics of his wily foe, Paddock, in the 49th round, deliberately struck Bendigo when down, and thus lost the fight. He was next matched with the Tipton Slasher, but the match ended in a draw, Aug 22d, 1850, neither party being ready with their deposits. A fresh match for £100 a side was subsequently made between these two men, and on the 17th Dec. 1850, they met at Woking. Paddock adopted the same impetuous system of fighting that he had done with Bendigo; but the rush that proved dangerous to "Bendy," old, stale, 12 stone, and a practiser of retreating tactics, was not only useless against the bulky, firm-standing Slasher, but was certain destruction to the assailant, from the Tipton's tact at countering, his immense weight, and superior strength. Here again the battle was lost by a "foul blow," as in the 27th round (after having repeatedly fallen without a blow, which the referee as frequently passed over,) Paddock wilfully and palpably struck his opponent "foul," and thus lost the fight.

In September, 1851, he was again doomed to disappointment and defeat. He was matched with Harry Poulson, of Nottingham, a man considerably older than himself and much shorter, and moreover one previously unheard of in the Ring. The battle took place for £25 a side, September 23. It was a desperate affair, and was won by Poulson in 71 rounds and 95 minutes. Paddock, who was not quite fit, was much mortified at his defeat, and a fresh match for £50 a side was the result. This took place December 16, 1851, and was another slaughtering mill. Tom, however, succeeded in reversing the former verdict, and was declared the winner in 86 rounds and 95 minutes. A scene of disgraceful confusion took place after this fight, in which several of the police were assaulted. Neither of the combatants took any part in the riot; still they had to bear the brunt of the misbehaviour of others, and were incarcerated in Derby jail for ten months, with hard labor, for their share in the day's amusement. On their return from this visit, Poulson, like Paddock, expressed his dissatisfaction at the result of their battle, and moved for a new trial. Tom was quite agreeable, and the third match, which was for £100 a side, came off on the "home circuit," February 14, 1854. It was a much longer struggle than either of the former, and victory for a long time hung in the balance. At length Poulson got weak through his exertions, and Tom seeing this, gathered himself together for a final effort, and managed, at the end of 2 hours and 32 minutes, and 102 rounds, to give the *coup de grace*. Tom's blood was now up, and he could not rest in idleness nor was he long in finding a customer. Aaron Jones, a scientific boxer, possessing youth, strength, height, and length, but not very much stamina, having expressed his doubts of Paddock's capabilities, a match was made for £100 a side, which came off July 18th, 1854. This, like Paddock's encounters with Poulson, was a tremendous mill—give-and-take without flinching was the order of the day, and it was thought, at one time, our hero would be compelled to cry "a go"—his stout heart, however, did not fail him, and in the 121st round, at the expiration of two hours and 24 minutes, Jones, who was terribly punished, was knocked out of time. After this came Tom's first match with Broome, which ended in Broome forfeiting £180, and again subsequently £10 to Paddock, and then Aaron Jones expressed his anxiety for another shy. Tom always willing to accommodate made the match at once for £100 a side. The fight took place June 26th, 1855, at Milderhall, and an excellent battle it was, lasting 1 hour and 29 minutes, during which 61 rounds were fought, Tom once more being proclaimed the winner, although, like his adversary, most severely handled. Tom having been unlucky in his turf speculations, was anxiously looking out for a good thing, when the Belt question was raised, and on Broome expressing his anxiety for business, Tom joined issue, articles were drawn up, and all preliminaries arranged. Tom did not go at once into training, a process, indeed, which is almost unnecessary with him, as we understand he lives a temperate life, and, if persuaded to break out occasionally, he afterwards always inflicts a penalty on himself of total abstinence for some days. He never indulges in the fragant weed, and being always in strong exercise, enjoys such rude health that a month or six weeks is always sufficient to bring him up to the mark. On the 19th May, 1856, the two aspirants for pugilistic honors met near Bentley, in Suffolk, and here Paddock proved victorious. The once powerful Harry Broome was a changed man to the time when he defeated the formidable Slasher; his condition was wretched, and he appeared to have lost all his former strength and stamina. After figlting 51 rounds in one hour and three minutes, Harry was "knocked out of time," and Paddock hailed the winner. In this fight he showed a wonderful improvement both in science and coolness, he took his punishment without a murmer; hit straight and heavily with both hands, and at close quarters fought with judgment and presence of mind that was quite astonishing, being quite unexpected. A fresh match with the Tipton Slasher was next made by Tom Paddock, but this ended in his forfeiting £80 to the Tipton, Oct. 21, 1856, as he found himself unable to raise the stipulated amount, and consequently had to sacrifice the money down. After the defeat of the Slasher by Tom Sayers, in 1858, Paddock immediately challenged the champion, and the result was a match for £150 a side. The fight took place on the 16th of June, 1858, at Canary Island, when Sayers was proclaimed the winner, after fighting 21 rounds, in one hour and 20 minutes. This was his last battle previous to the one which now engages our attention. In personal appearance, Paddock stands about 5 feet 11 in height, and weighs a trifle under 168lbs. His countenance is of a remarkably florid hue, with high cheek bones; and good looking, expressive at once of good-nature and determination. His shoulders are broad and square, and like his deep chest covered with ponderous muscle. Active and quick upon his legs, and endowed with great muscular strength, he looks every inch the gladiator.

Sam Hurst, better known as the Staleybridge Infant, was born at Marsden, in Yorkshire, in 1832, and as he grew in stature, and in years, he went to Staleybridge, where he followed the occupation of a hammerman, for which his great size fitted him, and no doubt his work increased his natural muscular development to herculean proportions. His height is 6 feet 2¾ inches, and his fighting weight 14st 12lb, which, when the match was first made, was over 18st. He took his breathings under the careful eye of Jem Hodgkiss, the first portion of the time at the Isle of Skye, and the finishing touch took place under the same trainer, assisted by Harry Poulson, and great credit is due to both for the perfection of condition in which they brought him to the ring. The only previous encounter was with a man of the name of Smith, whom he defeated in two rounds in a room at Deansgate. He afterwards had a few rough turns up, in all of which he was victorious. We next hear of him wrestling with Big Dan of Hollingwood for £200, which, after lasting for some hours, ended in a draw. He next made a match with Heenan, which ended in a draw; and the match at present under consideration.

On Monday night, as an "extra" sharpener to our appetite for the mill of the morrow, we dropped into the Rotunda to view the sports provided by Bob Travers, on the occasion of his benefit, and well were we amused, such a show of talent being assembled as we have rarely witnessed, a good guarantee of the high estimation in which Bob is held by his brother pugs. The sparring was of a first class character; the setting-to between Shaw and Gallagher, Keene and Brown, and Noon and Cobley, being particularly noteworthy in a scientific point of view; while the box between Brooks and Henley must have been gratifying to those who love to see hard punching. The *elite* of the P. R. put in an appearance, among whom our old friend Bendigo was conspicuous, apparently as full of spirits as ever. The two principals for the morrow's encounter also put in an appearance, and were greeted in a most enthusiastic manner by the company. After a pleasant evening the meeting broke up, and we then made a move towards the west, calling upon our old friend, the obliging and kind-hearted "George," of Oxenden street, who made us welcome in his "snuggery," where we, in a pleasant manner, wiled away the minutes until the time set for the start to the station. Not a bet came under our notice, although we heard of a little money being laid out at 6 to 4 on the Infant. On our arrival at the station, although a large number of persons had assembled, there was an absence of that rushing and violence which brought such discredit upon the proceedings connected with the late fight between Mace and Brettle. An apology for a barricade was formed at the entrance door of that part of the station where the "cards" were to be obtained. This barricade, or, more properly speaking, passage between two barricades, was guarded by some of the officials, and right well was that duty performed. 'Twas only a few steps—and in peace were those steps taken—when the door was reached, this also being guarded in the same manner as the other approaches. The door was opened to admit a few at a time, and without let or hindrance, as if investing our 2s. 6d. in eight hours at the sea side, instead of our 40s. to see a championship fight, our ticket was taken, and with a few pleasant words from the chosen of the P. R., who were on duty at the last barrier, we found ourselves on the platform. Here our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a few of the old Corinthian supporters of the ring, who would even now, if things were better managed, restore the ring to some of its former glories. All the voyageurs being stowed away in the comfortable quarters provided for them by the company, at a quarter past five, with a puff and a screech, we started to witness—the fates and "blues," of course, being propitious—another fight for the championship, but one not attended with so much excitement as the "international encounter." A voyage by train before daybreak does not admit of much description, so we must pass over the first few miles of the journey by simply remarking that the morning was beautifully clear, the company numerous and orderly, and our prospect of a good day's sport of a most cheering nature. Just as day was breaking, the speed of the "conveyance" was slackened, and we halted at Slough at a quarter to six o'clock; but "On, Stanley, on!" was the cry, and with a flowing sheet we were once more under weigh. We cannot entertain our readers with an account of the sayings and doings of our fellow-passengers, as our eyes, when not upon our note-book, were directed to the adornments, in the shape of jewelry, which were lavishly displayed upon the person of our *vis-a-vis*, the aforesaid jewelry being of a most massive and elaborate description; so much so that we did not dare hazard even a guess at its probable value; but thought that we had been over-cautious in having left our two-guinea Benson in charge of the matron who has our personal effects in her custody. The personage so heavily "hung in chains" proved to be the well known J. Jones, Esq., a gentlemen well known to a vast number of Her Majesty's lieges. We may remark, *en passant*, that this gentleman will address as many of our Queen's subjects as can "cram" into the Surrey Theatre, on Thursday, the 29th instant, when we hope, and have no doubt, he will be received in the manner that has hitherto marked his soirees. The other occupants of "our carriage" passed their time in the fashion usual on such occasions, in eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping; and in this fashion, at twelve minutes past six o'clock Reading was reached, and another "slackening" was come to for the purpose, we suppose, of giving the persons assembled on the platform (a policeman among them) an opportunity of gazing at the comfortably-packed occupants of the carriages. At an easy pace Mortimer was passed, our eyes being anything but gladdened by the appearance of two most uncomfortable looking "persons" in blue—a scarcity of cooks, perhaps, in the neighborhood was the cause of their being out at such an unseasonable hour. A halt was made a few miles from Basingstoke, and the scene of battle was chosen in a convenient spot by the side of the railway. The commissary and his assistants at once proceeded to erect the ring with their usual dispatch, during which time Tom Paddock went amongst the spectators distributing his colors, with as much industry as he could manage, while Bill Duncan and his eleven assistants made the arrangements which had been chalked out for them with unwonted energy and dispatch. The inner circle had been nearly formed when Tom Paddock at 7:20 A. M., appeared at the ring side and threw in his cap amidst loud cheers from the old school. Sam Hurst was not long in following, amidst cries from his adherents of "here's the little one." Tom Paddock was esquired by two well known and experienced seconds, and Jem Hodgkiss, and a well-known boniface did the amiable for the Infant. The Staleybridge Infant offered to back himself for £100, but Tom Paddock only answered the challenge by betting him a tenner, stating that was all he had. The referee having been chosen, the men proceeded to strip for action, attended to by their seconds and trainers. During the completion of their toilets there was but very little speculation, the friends of the Redditch man wanting odds. At this time the police interfered, and most decidedly ordered the stakes and ropes to be taken up, stating that if not done at once they would be forced to do that performance themselves. These interruptions and delays wasted more than a good hour. A move farther on was at length decided on, the authority giving leave (!) for the affair to come off a mile further on, out of his district. At length a move was made for about four miles homewards. Paddock, who was much annoyed at this, kept on his fighting boots, so that it should not be his fault in causing any delay that could militate with the chances of the mill coming off. After waiting for some time, the train arrived from Basingstoke, and the company took their seats. After travelling slowly past several good spots, which were well guarded with police, we again arrived at Reading, where another stoppage took place for some time, and a fresh move was made at 10 A. M., through Theale, and a beautiful country, to Aldermaston, past which station we steamed; a halt was made, and a fresh ring was soon pitched, and Paddock again threw in his cap, immediately followed by the Infant. Another well-ordered circle was soon formed, and no time lost in the men making their toilets. Offers to take 2 to 1 that Paddock won—which odds were taken twice at 40 to 20—were rife in Paddock's corner, which odds soon declined to 14 to 8, and, the usual preliminaries having been duly gone through, the men stood stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The Infant, when he doffed his clothes, was the observed of all, the reputation which had preceded him having roused the curiosity of the lovers of boxing; and certainly no man could have displayed more muscular power than the present aspirant for the Championship, as he was well developed in every point in which power is expected in a pugilist. And when he stood up in attitude, his length was made more visible, although his style was anything but scientific. Yet, take him all in all, he looked a very ugly customer for any "old 'un" to tackle. Tom Paddock, when he peeled, looked big and strong, and with his ruddy countenance brim full of confidence; but to the experienced eye there was, nevertheless, that want of prominence in the muscles which more than anything denote the youthful and powerful gladiator. Tom's attitude was the most artistic of the two, and on meeting, he at once took the initiative by leading off with the left, but even at this time we noticed a want of that precision of delivery for which Tom has been heretofore so celebrated. Tom again tried out of distance, when the Infant closed, and Tom was down without any injury.

2. Hurst came up eagerly, quickly followed by Paddock, who led off, Hurst jumped away and on Paddock following him, Hurst got on the mouth slightly, Paddock countered on the jaw and ribs, and received heavily on the mouth, which drew *first blood* from an old wound on Paddock's mouth, which was re-opened. Hurst then tried for the throw, which ended in a scrambling fall and both went down.

3. On the call of time, both came up eagerly, Paddock bleeding from the mouth. Hurst, not showing a mark, dashed out his left viciously, which did not reach its mark, as Tom ducked as it was delivered, and got away, sending out his left as he was retiring, which fell short. Tom trying one of his rushes, the Infant caught him, and closing, Tom was down.

4. They both were quick to time. Paddock, too eager, missed with his left, Hurst following suit awkwardly; but trying again, landed a little one on the mouth, receiving on the jaw, when Hurst closed, and Tom fibbed him severely and got down cleverly.

5. Paddock was up first, and on Hurst's coming to the mark, very little sparring was attempted. A good counter took place—Paddock receiving heavily on the mouth, and Hurst on the eye. Hurst then turned away, and Paddock, who had broken away, immediately rushed to Hurst, who, seeing him coming, sent out a swinging hit with his right, which caught Tom on the ribs, underneath the heart, and floored him. It was at once patent to all that Tom had received the *coup de grace*, as he lay helpless and moaning in extreme pain. On time being called Hurst came to the middle of the ring, and after waiting for some time the sponge was thrown up, and Samuel Hurst proclaimed the Champion of England, after fighting 5 rounds in 10 minutes.

REMARKS.

This, as a battle for the Championship, will rank among the many disappointments which happen in all sporting affairs, and by no means in itself will tend to the revival of the ring; nevertheless there is fresh blood infused into the pugilistic corps, and the championship will no doubt at once be again challenged for, as this present performance cannot warrant any man in priding himself on snatching such a verdict. In our opinion, had Tom pursued different tactics, after getting on Hurst's eye, the battle must have been prolonged, even if the issue had not been reversed. The present battle has not given Hurst a fair trial of his qualities as a boxer worthy to rank amongst the list of Champions of England; but it proves that he is by no means slow on his pins, and that he has a gift of hitting seldom or never surpassed. No doubt with practice, he will prove an awkward customer to all comers. He must remember that in defeating Paddock he has beaten an older and staler man than himself, and that partly through an accidental blow. We will defer giving any further opinion of Hurst's capabilities until after his next appearance in the ring. Suffice it to say that he left off with only a lump under his left eye. That Paddock did all in his power to win was patent to all, and as he is himself the greatest sufferer by his mistaken tactics, we can only hope that as he retires from the ring as a loser, that the sporting public and his friends will rally round him and show their appreciation of a good man. A handsome subscription was entered into on the ground for Tom, which no doubt will be augmented at some future period.

YOUNG LEAD AND HARTLEY, FOR £25 A SIDE.

These lads came into the ring immediately after the conclusion of the Championship contest, and fought at 7st 8lb for eleven rounds, which lasted twenty minutes, without any decided advantage to either party, when the police interfered and the battle was postponed until the following day.

YOUNG SULLIVAN AND MARNEY—£10.

On Monday last these untried men met at an old favorite spot to settle their claim to £10, at catch weight. The time appointed was early in the morning, but in consequence of Sullivan not putting in an appearance for some time, the place of meeting had to be shifted, the presence of an interloper or two making this step necessary. Another place having been chosen, and the ring pitched, the combatants at once proceeded to business. On stripping, Sullivan looked the bigger and the best trained man, and weighed 9st 8lb. Marney, who imbibes in large quantities, looked flabby, and weighed 9st 4lb. To describe all the rounds would be taking up too much valuable space, therefore we can only state that Marney, who was the favorite, took a decided lead for the first half hour, when he hurt his right hand. He then began to play very cautiously, and by so doing threw away many a chance. Sullivan, who was frightfully punished, tried all that laid in his power to turn the tide of affairs, but without success, as in the thirty-first round Marney threw Sullivan, and as he fell on his shoulder he strained it so much that on time being called, it was seen to be useless, and the sponge was thrown up in token of defeat, after fighting one hour and three quarters. Jack Baldock, with a Jack Reefe, seconded Sullivan, Con Sullivan and Dan Collins doing the amiable for Marney.

NEARLY READY.—It is with particular satisfaction that we announce as now nearly ready the long forthcoming work, the "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT." The Problems themselves are all stereotyped, and a few pages of Solutions, only, are now wanting to its completion. It will be the best, handsomest, and cheapest collection of Chess Problems ever presented to the amateurs of this country. R. M. DeWitt, 13 Frankfort street. Edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq. 18mo., pp. 216, 50 cents.

OUR NEW STORY.—"BRUTELLUS, THE GLADIATOR."—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the new story commenced in this issue, under the above caption. A story of real strength of writing, unceasing change of incident, fine discrimination of character, and of the times so rich in historical reminiscences as those of the great period of Rome's eventful career in which this tale is located, can but excite interest, add largely to the interest of this department of the CLIPPER, and the pleasure of its patrons.

PENN CRICKET CLUB.—At a meeting of the members of the Penn Cricket Club of Philadelphia, held on Wednesday, Oct. 31st, the following were the officers elected to serve for the next six months:—President, M. J. McNamara; Vice-President, Frank M. Smyth; Secretary, W. J. Tetrney; Assistant Secretary, Wm. C. Carpenter; Treasurer, George W. Lochner; Field Captain, John Leaseo.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $12.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion.

Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

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No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

ALLEGED UNWHOLESOMENESS OF DIFFERENT TRADES.

An immense deal has been said and written about the deteriorating influences, so far as bodily health is regarded, of particular trades. Taken on their own credit, these speakers and writers have divulged terrible truths, and established one more terrible conclusion—that all trades save those connected with a farm are unhealthful, and tend to the diminishing of the three score and ten years of human life generally supposed to have been allotted to us. The contemplation, it must be confessed, is a sad one, and touches us all in the nearest and most tender point. We have relatives, and we have dear friends beside—what their occupations? Very multifarious, it may be guessed, and very varied in kind. We will run through the category as fast as we can. In the first place, our brother or our familiar associate of years past may be a baker. Is his trade a wholesome one? No, so our authorities tell us: quite the reverse. Unfortunate friend, what a cruel destiny is yours! Go to another relative or friend. What is he? Simply a printer; and what of *his* trade? Worse still: ever in a cramped position, and hourly inhaling a vitiated atmosphere, the poor typo is in a more deplorable condition than even the baker. We next go to the engineer, the carpenter, and to the public performer, and are told that each can never be a healthy man. An overheated atmosphere, conjoined with coal and metal dust, tries and eventually ruins the constitution of the first; the constant saw, saw of the second on the list, with many etceteras of evil, shorten *his* days in the land very materially; while, as for the third, it is a rarity indeed if he ever survives his third decade. He might live to a hundred, were he removed from excitement, gas and crowded auditories—so runs the dictum of the Solons who write and speak about the unhealthfulness of different trades. Here we pause for a moment, to prepare ourselves for a confutation of all this nonsense. We have given these wiseacres a hearing; it is only fair that we should have one for ourselves. That granted, it will be our endeavor to show, that, in the wide and conclusive sense of the term, none of the trades stigmatised as really unhealthful by the gentry we have been speaking of, are so. It is only their surroundings that are hurtful, as we shall attempt to prove. With this object in view, let us take the baker, the printer, the engineer, the carpenter, and the public performer, (all of whom our friends on the other side of the question have ruthlessly condemned to an ailing condition of body and an early grave,) that we may show how each may be as healthful as the best of us, and live as long as the oldest. In the making of bread for instance, and if the habit of passing many hours a day in the close vicinage of an oven, there is nothing, after all, of so formidable a descri tion as to undermine life; abstractly considered, the baker would be under more healthful influences were he in the open air; but there he cannot always be, nor, if he could, would it be advisable for him to be so. But into the free, pure air, can he come at proper intervals, and, in addition to the grateful inhalation of that, devote himself to the pastimes which, in themselves, are the best conservators of health, strength, and length of days. Again, we will admit that the accessories of the printing profession are not healthful; that the heat and infinitessimal doses of metal and chiders which the engineer swallows are not, judged by themselves, the best things he could take; that the carpenter, running, riding, playing at some out of door game, or enjoying a trip on the Hudson, would be under more favorable auspices than he can possibly be in his own workshop; and, finally, that the actor or other public performer, in his own snug retirement, and in the enjoyment of the *otium cum dig.*, would be under the surer guarantee of sanitary advantage than he could possibly be in the neighborhood of the lamps. All this granted, and with it, the fact, that, however far removed all the trades enumerated, with many others, may be from the abstract healthful, they are not so unhealthful as not to find a counteraction to any evil tendency accompanying them, in the air common to all of us, and in a resort to those recreations of mind and body, equally our own. A few parting words to these croakers about ill health and wasted days. Some years since, a similar troupe of wiseacres got up, and frightened the community by declaring that all food was so grossly adulterated as not to be fit for eating. Of course the statement was an exaggeration of a very broad stripe. Nobody said that our food was not adulterated to some extent; but the question remained, was the evil of so formidable an aspect as to recommend starvation. In like manner, we are free to confess that many trades (we will say all) have a few influences abstractly injurious to health; but let us not escape the reservation, that perfect health is to be acquired and sustained in the face of the above fact.

FIST3 VERSUS KNIVES.

OUR position upon the most proper method of settling any little disputes, that may casually arise between men, in accordance with our boasted civilization and the dictates of humanity, has been too often and too clearly enunciated to require repetition. The very naming of the subject is to reiterate our opinion. Till men become something far more than human, and inhabit a different sphere from earth with far other surroundings, differences will surely arise, with or without cause it matters not, that require some sort of arbitration, and for the adjustment of which some sort of tribunal will assuredly be appealed to. How radical such a change must be, or to what extent it must be carried; or what paradisian abodes of bliss would be sufficiently satisfying to do away with all hostile collisions beyond danger of their occurence, the wildest dreams of enthusiasts, we fancy, would be at a loss even to conjecture; for we are told authoritatively, that "there was war in heaven," and if *in* heaven, of course by those inhabiting that happy abode.

We are in favor of that mode of settling difficulties which really does settle, and yet leaves the actors to themselves, to their friends, and to society—wiser, even, for the occurrence. Even the quarrels of students we have with great satisfaction seen settled by the code at once manly, honorable, and humane. We have given from time to time expression to our satisfaction, and for such expression have been "taken to task" more than once. But, upon conscientious review, our satisfaction remains, and passing events constantly increase it. The following most painful occurrence at New Haven recently, has brought this subject up with renewed force. Contrast the present condition, prospects, and emotions of the young men, participators in the following scene, and the same phases in the lives and experiences of those alluded to, and for applauding whom we have been lectured. We do not often use our columns for tales of blood, but this strongly illustrates a principle, and teaches a great lesson. The facts are taken from several sources, chiefly from the "New Haven Courier."—

It appears that a printer by the name of George S. Stafford, a "fast" but exceedingly popular young man of the city was, with some friends, amusing himself in a drinking place usually open all night, when three young men—Nelson A. Baldwin, of Newark, and B. K. Belden, of Brooklyn, medical students, and W. H. McCullough, of Albany, law student, who had been eating and drinking, passed by them on their way out. It is stated that Belden made an insulting allusion to the other party, whereupon Stafford asked him what he meant, and a conflict ensued, in which Stafford said he was struck by a slung shot. The students went out, and Stafford and his friends followed. A fight occurred, after which the students left the others and proceeded up Court street, but returned again, and another fight took place, in which McCullough was severely beaten, and Stafford was again struck with a slung shot and stabbed in the abdomen with a knife, by Belden, as it is supposed.

Soon after being struck, Stafford cried out—"I am stabbed," and was taken into the saloon. Drs. Jewett and Townsend were called, and assisted by Baldwin, one of the medical students, who is supposed to have had no hand in the actual fight, examined and dressed the wound. They found an upward cut in the abdomen, from which the bowels protruded eight or ten inches, but did not discover any cut or rupture of the intestines. He was taken home and every attention paid to him, but he suffered intense pain, and continued to sink through Saturday and Sunday, until 7, P. M., when he expired. The students were arrested at once by the police, and taken to the lock-up. As they were going there McCullough threw something over the fence. A watchman asked him what it was, and he replied that it was a stone he had picked up to defend himself with. Afterward a search was made, and it was found to be a slung shot. A dirk-knife was also taken from him, and a bloody knife was also picked up where the affray took place. Some of the party on the other side were armed, but made no attempt to use any weapons.

The parties in the affray belong to respectable families, and are extensively known, and the most profound regret is felt for so unfortunate an occurrence. The practice of carrying murderous weapons has led these young men into sin and shame which they will never cease to regret, and the life of a young man of many bright and endearing qualities is a forfeit to the abominable and detestable custom.

Belden, the principal of the murder, as is alleged, is about twenty-three years of age and married. His father was telegraphed, and arrived from Brooklyn on Saturday evening, and his mother was to follow speedily. The fearful position in which their son has placed himself creates sympathy toward them: but we cannot learn that much of it is spent on the murderer by the people of New Haven.

A coroner's jury took the case in hand on Monday, but as the examination was conducted with closed doors, no part of the testimony has been made public.

FAST TIME IN RUNNING.—In another part of this issue we give reports of two extraordinary foot races, one of which took place at Mendota, Minnesota, and the other in England. The first was a match to run one hundred yards, which was won by Kelly T. Davis in the extraordinary time of *nine seconds!* which has been equalled in England on one or two occasions only, but which has never been beaten anywhere. The second was a race of one mile, which distance the winner accomplished in *four minutes twenty-two seconds and a quarter*, being faster by three quarters of a second than Hospool's great time, which was the best on record.

A GRAIN OF WHEAT IN A BUSHEL OF CHAFF.—The recent visit of the Prince of Wales to this country, gave occasion for an immensity of flunkey writing. But there were exceptions, few and far between, we must confess. The following, cut from the London *Star*, is worthy of being classed among them:—

"The Prince of Wales, in bowing before the tomb of Washington, makes silent confession that the day of the autocrats is at an end, for the man to whose ashes he does homage was the living incarnation of the truth that the will of the people is the only rightful source of power."

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."—This is an old saying—first applied, we believe, to the generations of men who lived not long after Adam, and last to the heroes (giants in mind as well as body) who inaugurated and carried out the American Revolution. And we have a giant still among us, according to the following testimony, clipped from an exchange:—

"General Scott is the largest man in the service. He is six feet six inches tall, and weighs two hundred and sixty pounds. He is 74 years old, yet his health is good and his whole system apparently vigorous, much of which is doubtless owing to his temperate habits.

AN AMERICAN TROTTER IN PARIS.—A trotting match was decided in Paris, on the 29th ult., in which the American bay mare Polly proved the winner, beating her competitor, an English horse, a quarter of a mile in three. American trotting stock is held in high repute in all parts of Europe. A report of the match alluded to will be found in our foreign department.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF WELL FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER ONE.

Manly and Game Battle between James Carroll, (the Suffolk Champion,) and Kent.

The above mill was an East-end affair altogether, April 10, 1825, indeed; it was got up so much on the sly, that only a small part of he Fancy obtained the secret. Kent was a novice, but nevertheless he had nearly defeated Carroll in a former instance on Bow Common; but, to set the matter quite at rest as to the best man, a second contest was determined upon between the parties. Under the management of the John Bull Fighter, Grays, in Essex, was selected, in order not only to give variety to the scene, but that the Amateurs might have their choice either to drive to the fight, or to sail down the river in a steamer; or, in case the enemy should appear to interrupt the sports, to cross the water in a jiffy, and give the inhabitants of another county the pleasure of an accidental turn-up. The beaks, however, spoiled the mill at Grays, but the lads toodled a few miles along the coast, and the ring was made within a short distance of Tilbury Fort, and in sight of Gravesend. The situation was delightful, and truly convenient for the steamites. On the banks of the river, and within a few yards of the ring, the Swiftsure landed her motley cargo. The office given for peeling, Carroll entered the ring, attended by his seconds, Phil. Sampson and Gybletts; and Jem Ward and Bob Barn waited upon Kent. The Suffolk hero for choice.

Round 1. Milling, and nothing else but milling, seemed the forte of the combatants on meeting each other at the scratch. Kent, like most of the new ones, went to work *sans ceremonie*, and nobbed the Suffolk hero; Carroll, however, was not idle, and returned the compliment, also closed with the Navvy, held him under his arm, and took such liberties with his pimple, that Kent said it was rather too much of a "good thing," and broke away from the rude embraces of the Suffolk Champion. The Navvy, thinking that one "good turn" deserves another, fibbed Carroll; the latter likewise kept hammering at Kent's body till they went down. The Suffolk's nob showed claret. Well done, Suffy.

2. All thumping! A fig for science! Give and take! Carroll the worst of it at the ropes, and thrown over. Loud shouting for the man of clay.

3. The left hand of Kent told heavily on Carroll's nob, but he did not flinch, and returned on his opponent's body like a sledge hammer. The Navvy, in full force, planted another left handed blow on Carroll's jaws, which floored him like a shot. The Leadenhallites now gave their chaffers a holiday, and let loose like Old Bailey Barristers in behalf of Kent. ["Go it, my Kenty, you'll win it in a canter."]

4. Indeed, it did seem like winning, and Kent again took the lead, adding a little more pepper on the old spot. A good rally occurred, and Kent in going down received a shorter.

5. Carroll endeavored to do some mischief, but the "boot was on the other leg," and he was floored by a terrible hit on his mouth. The Suffolk was quite abroad for a few seconds. ["You have settled the reckoning," said Josh, and the friends of Kent were now so confident of his success, that they offered two to one.]

6 to 8. Kent the hero of the tale completely—he had it all his own way. Suffolk thrown. ["It will soon be over," the Kentites observed; "the prads may be put to. Who's for Lunnun?"]

9. This was a smashing round on both sides; but Carroll was thrown.

10 to 13. In all these rounds the combatants evinced courage of the highest order; but Kent rather keeping the lead.

14. A trifling change in favor of the Suffolk Champion. His right hand fell very heavy on Kent's ribs; and in closing, the Navvy had an ugly fall.

15. Carroll, in order to lose no time, went to work without delay, and planted a staggerer on the body. Kent reeled upon the subject, and went down. ["That's the way to do it," said Sampson, "Suffolk against Kent for £1000." "Walker!" replied Josh, "but I suppose your blunt is in the Brum line—all counterfeits!"]

16. A change in favor of Kent. He stood no repairs, and his left hand delivered four successful facers: and Carroll was confused, and ultimately hit down. ["It's all your own, Kent."]

17 to 21. The whole of these rounds were nobly contested; but Kent had rather the best in all of them.

22. If Kent could have made use of his right hand with effect, victory would soon have been within his grasp; but it was always open, and did not the slightest execution as to punishment. This was a severe round, and Kent went down exhausted.

23. Similar—all milling—nothing like looking at each other, till Kent down.

24 to 40. To detail the rounds a few words will suffice. Kent's left hand generally told on Suffolk's nob; and, in opposition to the Navvy, Carroll's right hand worked on the body of Kent. In the last round, the Suffolk planted four heavy hits on the ribs of his opponent. [6 to 4 was now offered on Suffolk, as some of the blades said, "As how he'd got his second wind!"]

41 to 52. Kent was now getting weak, but his pluck appeared as good as when he began—he went down tired. ["Fight a slack round or two," said Josh. "Yes," replied Jem Burn, "I should like to see Josh. fight a slack round—it would be worth looking at."]

53 to 67. The last round, in point of manliness and courage, was equal to anything seen in the Prize Ring. Kent was hit staggering away three times, but was too game to go down: he returned to the attack, and grassed Carroll, amidst one of the most uproarious cheers ever heard by the lads of the Fancy.

68 to 100. Numerous changes occurred in the course of these rounds, and it appeared Kent was the more likely of the two to win it. Carroll made up his mind to do mischief, but he missed numerous blows. The Suffolk Champion received a body hit which floored him like a shot; and on being dragged up, the fight seemed all out of him, he was quite exhausted, and his nob likewise was all to pieces, and one side of it as big as a pumpkin. Both of his ogles were sadly damaged, and one nearly in the dark. In another instance he fell on his head, and was so stupid that his seconds could scarcely get him on their knees. This conduct satisfied the spectators that he was an out and out game man, and that it required a straightforward hitter to lick him.

101. Kent was full of spirits, but his strength was fast leaving him, and Suffolk became decidedly the favorite. Kent, however, went down several times very cleverly; and all the milling coves cried out, "He's rather an artful one for a novice."

102 to 107. In all of these rounds, though Suffolk appeared more fresh than his opponent, still there was a great doubt entertained as to victory, as a heavy blow might have settled the battle on either side. [Hudson called Ward to him, and, in the ear-wig style, said, "If Kent wishes to leave off, let him." "He leave off!" replied Jem, "he thinks only of winning."] Kent down exhausted.

108 and 109. The friends of Suffolk roared out to him to "go in," and finish it. Kent down.

110, and last. After the exchanges of a few hits, Kent again went down. Here Josh. Hudson said, "I shall give in for him; I know he is too game to say, No;" when the castor was thrown up, and Carroll declared the victor. It was over in one hour and forty minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.—It was a nice thing, a near thing, and never safe till it was over. Carroll is a complete glutton; yet, nevertheless, he was nearly satisfied several times, but his appetite returned, and he continued the fight very gaily. If the Navvy could have used both his mawleys, it would have been poundable as to naming the winner; his left hand was a rare teazer, and the right side of the Suffolk Champion's nob he played upon like a drum. Kent, however, rapped considerable on his body; but he took his punishment like a good one. It appeared to us, that the word no would never have escaped his lips. The Navvy did not want for bottom; but, when the chance appeared against him, and to put seven-pence out of the question, as well as to give the Wigs no trouble about the matter, the John Bull Fighter with much feeling declared that Kent should not fight any longer; and thus it was that the battle terminated in favor of Carroll: but the Suffolk Champion was decidedly the most punished. View the above mill in any shape, it was a game, manly battle on both sides; every cove seemed satisfied who witnessed the exertions of Kent and Suffolk; and the general opinion which prevailed upon the subject, was, that both of the combatants were fully entitled to the character of "good men!"

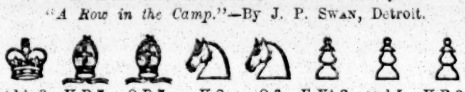
THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE FREE TOURNAMENT.—Verily, the golden days of Chess have come; as any one may assure himself by visiting the "Morphy Chess Rooms," and witnessing the eager crowds of combatants in this elegant resort. Never before had Caissa such liberal-minded and open-handed patrons as Messrs. Kappner & Klatz! have time and again proved themselves to be—and, crowning boast of all, such a splendid trophy as that now being contended for by the most brilliant array of players (save *one*, only) that this hemisphere has ever seen. It is *the* Chess metropolis of America.

ENIGMA No. 251.

From the Charleston *Courier* Problem Tourney.

"A Row in the Camp."—By J. P. SWAN, Detroit.



at his 8, K R 7, Q B 7, K 2, Q 6, K Kt 2, and 5, K R 3d.

at his 4, her 8, K 6, K B 8, Q 7, Q Kt 5, Q 5th.

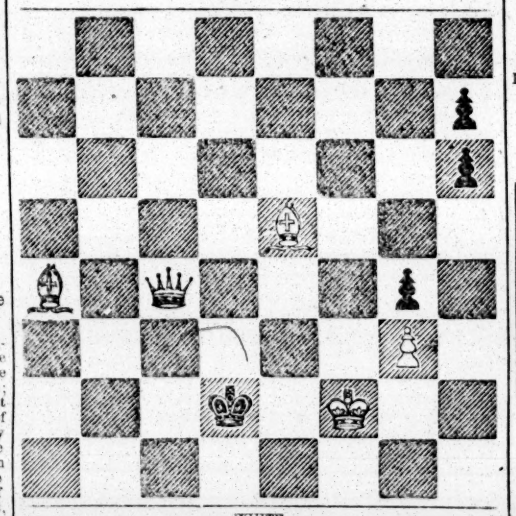
White to play and give mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 251.—TOURNAMENT No. 66.

"Detur Digniss'mo."

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate, *with the P, in thirteen moves*—without making a capture.

GAME No. 251.

Our late game by correspondence between "Ruy Lopez," de Brooklyn, and "Phania," Sec'y of the "West-End Chess Club," of New York, "Lopez" giving Q Kt, which remove.

LOPEZ GAMBIT.

Attack, Ruy Lopez.	Defence, Phania.	Attack, Ruy Lopez.	Defence, Phania.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	28..K R × R +	Q Kt × R
2..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	29..Q-her B 5	P-Q Kt 3
3..Q-K 2	Q Kt-B 3	30..Q-her R 3	Q B-K 3
4..P-Q B 3	P-Q 3	31..P-Q 5 (*e*)	Q B-Q 2
5..P-K B 4	K Kt-B 3	32..P-K Kt 3	Q-K Kt 4
6..K Kt-B 3	Q-K 2 (*a*)	33..K B-B 4	K Kt × B
7..P-Q Kt 4	B-Q Kt 3	34..Q R × Kt	Kt-K Kt 3
8..P-Q R 4	P-Q R 4	35..Q R-K 4	B-K B 4
9..P-Q Kt 5	Q Kt-Q sq	36..Q R-K sq	Kt-K B 5
10..Q B-R 3	Q Kt-K 3	37..Q R-K 7	Kt-R 6 +
11..B P × P	K Kt-R 4	38..K-his R sq	R-Q B sq
12..K 2d P × P	B P × P	39..P-Q B 4	B-K Kt 3
13..P-Q 4	K Kt-B 5	40..P-Q 6 (*f*)	R-K B sq
14..Q-K B 2	Castles	41..Q-her R sq	R-K B 2
15..Castles	Q-her B 2	42..R-K 8 +	K-his R 2
16..Kt-Q 2	K Kt-Q 6	43..Q-K sq	R-K B 6
17..Q-K 3 (*b*)	K Kt-K 4	44..P-Q 7	R × K B
18..K B-Q 5	K Kt-his 3	45..P Queens	Q × 2d Q
19..K R-B 2	Q-home	46..Q R × Q	R-Q Kt 8
20..Q R-K B sq	P-K B 3	47..Q × Q R	Q B × Q
21..Kt-Q B 4	K B-B 2	48..P-Q B 5	Kt P × P
22..Q-Kt 3 (*c*)	K-his R sq	49..P-Q Kt 6	P-Q B 5
23..Kt × Q P	K B × Kt	50..K-Kt 2	Kt-Kt 4
24..Q B × B	K Kt-K 2	51..Q R-K 8	P-Q B 6
25..K B-Kt 3	P-K R 3	52..P-Q Kt 7	P-Q B 7
26..P-K 5 (*d*)	B P × P	53..P Queens	P Queens, and Attack mates by force in a few moves.
27..Q × K 2d P	K Kt-his 3		

Notes—By Lopez.

(*a*) "Phania" plays me a far better opening than any other of my CLIPPER antagonists.

(*b*) I have now as good a game as I could reasonably expect at this odds, even with my favorite opening. Phania's foray is not a little crafty: had I taken Kt with B, I should, probably, have lost the game—as it is the cavalier is of more show than utility.

(*c*) Finding the Defence spirited, as well as stubborn, I am obliged to be thankful for *very* small favors, and manœuvre for pawns where I cannot catch pieces—and the sequel shows I needed all I could get.

(*d*) I am far from sure that this is my best course; probably I should have striven to maintain my pawns as they are and exchanged pieces, looking for a final superiority in the position. But Phania might easily have played less correctly.

(*e*) Phania's loss of time here improves my game considerably; and though I knew a long struggle was before me, I ceased not from this point to hope for victory.

(*f*) It's a tough fight, but a pretty safe one, now.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—By Henry Spayth; pp. 307, containing upwards of 1700 games and critical positions, being by far the most voluminous ever published, is now ready for delivery. Price, $2,00, post paid to all parts of the country. Address FRANK QUEEN, editor NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A GLASGOW CHAPPY, Harrisburgh, Pa.—We publish one of your positions this week, as an evidence that we still remember you. As the long winter evenings are now coming upon us, we hope to renew our intercourse with all our old contributors.

G. B. V., Eastport, Me.—Look out for Single Corner next week.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—See problem from "Will Boy," this week. We shall publish another dedicated to you in next week's CLIPPER, by "B.," of Eastport, Me., being an end-game from "Single Corner." Let us hear from you.

F. E. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—We think the "Brown" which you refer to, asking if he "gave out a challenge to play any one with 8 men against 12," must be a near relative of the "Brown who keeps a coal-yard." The idea is simply absurd.

M. H. W., Eastport, Me.—Correction received. Can't you send us something that is original? Try—as we would prefer it to anything ending in Sturges' 1st position.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 58.—VOL. VIII.

BY A. D. CON.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1.. 8	to 11	15	to 8	4..14	to 17	21	to 16
2.. 5	9	22	15	5.. 6	9	13	6
3.. 9	5	29	22	6.. 1	19, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 59.—VOL. VIII.

BY TRUXTON.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..22	to 17	11	to 16	4.. 7	to 3	16	to 20
2..27	23	7	11	5.. 3	7	11	16
3..14	7	5	21	6.. 7	11, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 60.—VOL. VIII.

BY TRUXTON.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..18	to 15	10	to 19	9..14	to 9	5	to 14
2..24	15	7	11(*a*)	10..10	17	16	19
3..15	10	11	15	11..17	22	11	15
4..17	13	15	18	12..22	26	15	18
5..10	6	3	7	13..26	31	8	11
6.. 6	2	7	11	14..31	27	11	15
7.. 2	6	12	16	15..13	9, and wins.		
8.. 6	10	18	23				
				(*a*)			
2..17	13	12	16	7..14	10	15	18
3..15	10	16	19	8..10	7	18	22
4..10	6	19	23	9.. 6	15	3	10
5.. 6	2	7	11	10..15	18	22	26
6.. 2	6	11	15		White wins.		

GAME No. 29.—VOL. VIII.

"LAIRD AND LADY."

Communicated by "A GLASGOW CHAPPY."

Black. A. G. Chappy.		White. "Greenhorn."		Black. A. G. Chappy.		White. "Greenhorn."	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	15.. 5	to 9	14	to 5
2.. 8	11	22	17	16.. 7	14	19	10
3.. 9	13	17	14	17.. 6	15	23	18
4..10	17	21	14	18..14	23	27	18(*b*)
5..15	18	26	23	19..13	17	22	13
6..13	17	19	15	20..15	22	24	19
7.. 4	8	26	19	21..22	25	32	27
8.. 6	9	24	20	22..25	29	27	23
9.. 9	13	28	24	23..29	25	23	18
10..17	21	15	10	24..25	22	19	15
11..11	15	25	22	25..12	16	15	8
12..18	25	29	22(*a*)	26.. 3	12	20	11
13.. 8	11	27	23	27..22	8, and wins.		
14.. 2	6	31	27				

Notes by "A. G. Chappy."

(*a*) White's game is now gone.

(*b*) No generalship can "cover a retreat" for White now.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEFIANCE.

Black.		White.	
15.. 8	12	18	14
16.. 9	18	26	23
17..19	26	31	15

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND NON NEMO.

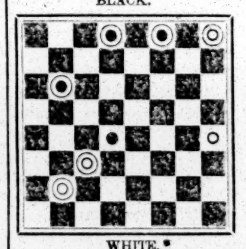
Black.—Mary.		White.—Non Nemo.
2..15	22	25 18
3.. 8	11	

POSITION No. 61.—VOL. VIII.

BY A GLASGOW CHAPPY.

END-GAME.

BLACK.



WHITE.

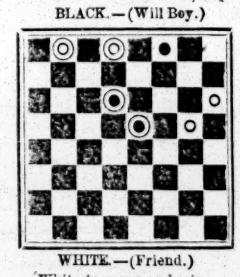
Black to move and win.

POSITION No. 62.—VOL. VIII.

END-GAME occurring in actual play between "Will Boy" and a friend.

Dedicated to H. SPAYTH, Esq.

BLACK.—(Will Boy.)



WHITE.—(Friend.)

White to move and win.

BASE BALL.

BENICIA BOY VS FREE AND EASY.—These ball clubs, of Brooklyn, played a match on the grounds of the Putnam, on the 12th inst., which resulted in favor of the former by 20 runs, as below recorded:—

BENICIA BOY. NAMES.	H.L.	RUNS.	FREE AND EASY. NAMES.	H.L.	RUNS.
A Stratton, short stop	2	6	Featherson, catcher	4	2
Huss, right field	1	7	J Stratton, pitcher	4	0
Verniory, pitcher	4	4	Stumpf, 1st base	3	2
Fessler, catcher	3	4	Seinsoth, 2d base	3	2
Grim, centre field	6	2	Knabel, 3d base	3	2
Schwindel, 2d base	3	3	Dickenson, short stop	3	2
Klein, 1st base	2	5	Geagen, right field	3	2
Schaffer, left field	4	3	P Mason, centre field	3	2
Duhigg, 3d base	2	3	Pinkham, left field	3	2
Total		36	Total		16

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Benicia Boy	4	1	3	6	5	1	6	4	6	36
Free and Easy	3	1	1	2	2	0	3	4	0	16

Scorers—Messrs. Karcher and Moore.

BASE BALL IN ST. LOUIS.—We are glad to learn that St. Louis is not to be behind the times in base ball matters, for a club has just been organized in that city. It is called the Charter Oak Base Ball Club, and at its first regular meeting, held on the 31st ult., Freeman Wright was elected President, and Edward W. Perkins, Treasurer.

TESTING HOWITZERS—THE VELOCITY OF CANNON BALLS.—Recently, the Pittsburg *Dispatch* informs us, a large number of cannon, cast at the Fort Pitt Works, previous to the destruction of the old Works by fire, were proved under the inspection of Lieutenent Bogge, at the new proving ground, on the right bank of the Alleghany river, nearly opposite Tarentum. Twenty-one of the guns were 24-pound howitzers, carrying a six inch ball, and eight 52 columbiads, and all stood the test of firing as completely as that of measurement. Some curious illustrations of the force and rapid flight of the balls were observed in the firing. Two of the balls, ranging rather low passed through a "worm fence," one of them cut its width from the rail next the top, without moving it from its place, although merely kept in position by the ends of two adjoining rails, and the other sheared off the end of a rail, dropping it without lifting it out of its place. One of the howitzers was fired at a large sycamore tree, and it was supposed that the shot had missed as the tree gave no indication of being hit. It was afterwards brought down by training two of the 64-pounders on it at the same time, when it was found that the six-inch ball, fired with the light gun charge, had passed entirely through the tree, and knocked down another small tree in range at some distance back. One of the 64 pound (eight inch) balls had also passed right through the centre of the tree, and the other cut out its width on one side. According to the experiments of Dr. Hutton, the flight of a cannon ball is 6700 feet in one quarter of a minute, or three hundred miles per hour. It follows, therefore, that a railroad train, going at the rate of seventy five miles an hour, has a velocity one-fourth that of a cannon ball.

THE DEATH RING.—The following story has been going the rounds of the Paris press:—A gentleman who had two days ago purchased some objects of art at a shop in the Rue St. Honore, was engaged in examining an ancient ring, when he gave himself a slight scratch in the hand with a sharp part of it. He continued talking with the dealer for a short time, when he suddenly felt an indescribable sensation over his whole body, which appeared to paralyse all his faculties, and he soon became so seriously ill that it was considered necessary to send for a medical man. The doctor immediately discovered every symptom of poison by some mineral substance. He applied strong antidotes, and in a short time the gentleman was in a measure recovered. The ring in question having been examined by the medical man, who had long resided in Venice, was found to be what was formerly called a "death ring," in use in Italy when acts of poisoning were frequent, about the middle of the seventeenth century. Attached to it inside were two claws of a lion, made of the sharpest steel, and having clefts in them filled with a violent poison. In a crowded assembly, or in a ball, the wearer of this fatal ring, wishing to exercise revenge on any person, would take their hand, and, when pressing it, the sharp claw would be sure to inflict a slight scratch on the skin. This was enough, for on the following morning the victim would be sure to be found dead. Notwithstanding the many years since the poison on this ring had been placed there, it retained its strength sufficiently to cause great inconvenience to the gentleman, as stated.

THE YOUNG CAPTAIN; OR, THE FLAMES OF MOSCOW.—By Alexandre Dumas.—The title of this work will be sufficiently suggestive of the very exciting times of which it treats. Gotten up in a neat style, and sold at the moderate price of 50 cents, it cannot fail to meet encouragement from the large class of novel readers. pp. 152 royal 8 vo. Published by F. A. Brady, No. 24 Ann street, N. Y.

SPORTS ABROAD.

From London Sporting Journals, to November 4.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

PADDOCK AND HURST.

JACK MACDONALD AT HOME.

SAYERS AND MACE—THE LATTER'S CHALLENGE.

EXTRAORDINARY FOOT RACE.

FASTEST TIME ON RECORD!

SCULLING MATCH.

GREAT RIFLE MATCH.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 6.—Tom Paddock and Sam Hurst, (the Stalevbridge Infant,) £200 a side and the Champion's belt—Home Circuit.
6.—Young Lead and Hartley, 7st 8lb, £25 a side (in the same ring as Paddock and Hurst.)
6.—White and Harrison, £10 a side, Dudley.
13.—Woods and M'Cullay, £25 a side, North Britain.
20.—McCarthy and Jemmy Norton, £25 a side, catch weight—Home Circuit.
27.—Tom King (Ward's Big-un) and Tom Truckle, of Gosport, catch weight, £50 a side—Home Circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

TOM PADDOCK AND SAM HURST.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIGHT.

The final deposit of £30 a side for this important match was made on Wednesday, Oct. 31st, at Alec Keene's, in the presence of a tolerable muster of the Fancy, who, however, were not of the highest grade. The interest caused by the match, which at first was nearly at zero, has increased very considerably during the past week, as may be perceived by any one in the habit of frequenting the various sporting rendezvous in the metropolis, where the forthcoming mill is now the chief topic of conversation, whereas a few weeks back, widely different from the last mill for the Championship, it was scarcely ever alluded to. Even up to the present time the betting has been languid, the knowing ones being utterly at a *nonplus* which way to sport their corianders. What the state of the case may be in the provinces we know not; but in London, the Infant, as he is styled, has the call. The friends of Paddock show no lack of confidence in their man, but say they do not feel justified in backing him at even money, when they have height, weight, strength and youth all against them, to counterbalance which they can only offer Tom's well known pluck and experience in the P. R. We believe in a few instances Hurst's friends have laid 5 to 4, but we cannot offer this as a decided quotation of the betting, and those who are anxious to invest their spare cash must curb their impatience until the men arrive in town. Hurst has been in close training in his own neighborhood, under Jem Hodgkiss, whose well known capabilities are a guarantee that all has been done or will be done to bring him fit to the post for his arduous essay in the P. R. It will be, we believe, his maiden effort, and Tuesday will show us whether, in addition to his youth, strength, his gigantic proportions, and skill as a wrestler, he possesses the science and other necessary concomitants to entitle him to aspire to the Champion's Belt. Tom Paddock has finished his training at Brighton, under an old friend, and report speaks of him as all that could be wished by the most sanguine of his admirers. He has entirely recovered from his severe illness, and although an old one, possesses still much wear and tear, and to all appearance can stand a hard day's work. He will arrive in town to-morrow, and take up his quarters at Mr. G. Bryer's, Black Horse, Oxenden street, where he will hold a select levee. Hurst has taken lodgings at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, where he will doubtless have a very considerable levee, seeing that he is almost unknown to the London Fancy, whose curiosity as to his appearance is excited to the utmost.

The planning of the excursion has been placed in the hands of a well known contractor, whose skill in such affairs, especially in matches for the Championship, has justly entitled him to great confidence. He has, we are happy to say, made such arrangements for the trip as lead us to hope that all will be carried out in a manner to leave nothing to complain of. The price for a seat has been placed so high as to exclude all unwished-for voyagers. There will be only one class of passengers, and steps have been taken to prevent any of that "shaking" of the passengers, and robbing them of their tickets so often complained of. In fact, no stone has been left unturned to secure the comfort and convenience of the company. As it has been found absolutely necessary again to break fresh ground, an extra long journey has been determined on, and this will involve a start even earlier than the mill at Farnborough. As the country to be explored is of a wild nature, and destitute of hotel accommodation of any kind, we would urge upon every traveller the necessity of being provided against every contingency, it being extremely uncertain how far the voyage may extend, or how late it may be ere the company get back.

As to the ring-keeping department, and the general engagement on the day, we have a few words to say, to which we beg the earnest attention of the members of the P. R. A. It will be remembered that at a recent meeting of the committee of the P. R. A., those gentlemen selected six pugilists, whose activity as ring-keepers has been acknowledged, who are to act as perpetual guardians of the peace at important battles, unless disqualified by misconduct, neglect, or by being in any way concerned as principals or seconds in the match in hand. These men are Billy Duncan, Tom Paddock, Dan Collins, Mike Madden, Jemmy Shaw, and George Crockett, the place of Paddock on this occasion being filled by Young Shaw. Upon these men devolves the responsibility of keeping order at the point of departure, where they must present themselves, at the latest by four o'clock, A. M., in a sober state and fit for duty. The office of course they can learn from Nat or Harry Brunton. If they are not perfectly fit for duty, they will not only be prohibited from going, but will at once be dismissed from further employment. On reaching the scene of action they must at once proceed to the ringside; and as Oliver has orders to pitch the outer ring first, they must see that this is kept clear of all not possessing privilege tickets, whether friends or foes, and must induce the gentlemen who have the *entree* at once to seat themselves at a proper distance from the ropes and stakes. Those possessing low hassocks or housemaids' kneeling mats to seat themselves in the front rank, and those with camp stools in the rear. This being done, the ring keepers must take their stations behind the ticket holders, and prevent them from being molested. If they are not sufficiently strong to carry out this plan by themselves, Duncan is to select from those on the ground not more than six other men, to be paid according as they do their duty, and for whom Billy will be answerable. So that it is to be hoped those who are chosen will do all that lies in their power in order that the inspector may not be compromised. The tickets for the inner ring will be 5s each, and we caution all gentlemen against paying more, and also against purchasing tickets which have been torn in half. We shall feel much indebted to any gentleman present, members of the committee or otherwise, who will keep their eyes on the ring-keepers, and report to us anything worthy of reprobation. To the friends of the combatants we have to give this friendly hint—that they cannot be allowed to block up the corners. Only one bottleholder can be allowed to each man, and if others attempt to crowd in they must not be surprised if they are removed. If they pay for their tickets and take their seats like other people, they will be able to see all that is to be seen; but should they persist in the opposite course, they will assuredly only entail discomfort on themselves, and injure the cause of those in whom they are interested. It only remains to call on the men themselves to do all in their power to carry out the battle in an upright manner, in the true spirit of fair play, and nothing will be undone to secure the success of the meeting. It must be remembered that by the recent alteration in the rules of the Ring, a man on the ropes is considered down, and if his adversary refuses to loose him he will lose the battle.

This is a subject for the consideration of the referee, whoever he may be; and we would strongly advise him to make himself acquainted, not only with this rule, but with all the rules as they appear in the latest edition of *Fistiana*.

Finally, let all remember that this is the last effort to retrieve the glories of the P. R. If it succeed, we yet have hope that our old manly sport may flourish; if it fail, the pugilistic body will have themselves to blame for a catastrophe which for years we have striven to avert, but which, in case of failure, we shall be among the first to bring about. The boxers of England, if they stick together, *can* keep order and regularity at a mill; they *can* prevent gentlemen from being robbed, maltreated, and otherwise incommoded. Upon gentlemen chiefly depends their existence; and if they *will* not assist themselves, upon their own heads be the blame. —*Bell's Life.*

Paddock has earned much distinction in the P. R., and his victory is confidently predicted by his friends, while "the Infant's" partizans are no less sanguine of victory. The followers of Tom ground all their hopes in his superior experience in the P. R., and the backers of the novice imagine that their man's freshness, immense power, and skill as a wrestler, will give him every advantage over Paddock, who, it must be conceded, has been battered about in his profession. Perhaps the main cause of a marked deficiency of public interest in the fight of Tuesday next consists in the fact that one competitor is an unknown neophyte, and the other what is termed an "old man," who has not only suffered from disease, but been cut and maimed. Many persons, however, are unreasonably looking for a similar degree of excitement as that engendered by the memorable encounter between Tom Sayers and Heenan, and of course in comparison with that romantic combat the curiosity excited by Hurst and Paddock's match is not great. Still, throughout the country vast interest will be aroused from the circumstance that Heenan has expressed a determination to fight the winner.

We may remark, *en passant*, that Jack Macdonald, "the Prince of seconds," who arrived in England from America on Thursday, is disengaged, if the backers of either of the men would like to avail themselves of such important aid. Since the foregoing was written we have heard that a warrant has been issued for the apprehension of Hurst for his participation in the harmless proceedings in Oxfordshire, in connection with the recent fight between Goss and Price. A similar legal process has been taken out in Derbyshire to prevent the mill coming off in that county, so that it will behove "the Infant's" friends to be most circumspect and discreet. Up to the present time there has been no betting of any importance, the backers of Paddock standing out for odds, which Hurst's supporters are not inclined to lay; and the only wagers actually effected have been in even crowns and half crowns at public-house bars or tap rooms. Both Paddock and "the Infant" are as well as their respective partizans can desire, the former having been inhaling the sea breezes of Brighton under the eye of the celebrated Dando, while Hurst has been taking his breathings in the north, with Jem Hodgkiss, of Birmingham, as his Mentor. Paddock's colors are a blue ground with a white diamond, in lieu of the old bird's eye fogle, while Hurst, imitating his great contemporary, Tom Sayers, has raised the standard of England, with the rose, shamrock, and thistle, a lion rampant in each corner, and the whole surmounted by a blue border.

Besides the big mill there will be a second encounter in the same ring, between the "bantams" Lead and Hartley, for £25 a side. The lads will be at 7st 8lb each, and as they are both clever little fellows, a merry tryst may be anticipated, should they be so fortunate as to bring it off without interruption.—*Sporting Life.*

SAYERS AND MACE.—One of the principal friends and patrons of Tom Sayers, who has been mainly instrumental in raising the large sum for Tom's testimonial, states that if Tom attempts to make a match with Mace the subscriptions in his hands, nearly £1 000, will be withheld. He says he undertook to raise the money on receiving a positive pledge from Tom not to re-enter the ring, and many of the noblemen and gentlemen who put their names on his list did so on his giving them his word that Tom should not fight again.

RETURN OF JACK MACDONALD FROM AMERICA.—Jack Macdonald, the famous second, who acted in that capacity to Heenan in the great fight for the Championship, returned to his native land in the Vanderbilt on Thursday, November 1st, after a most successful tour through the United States of America. It will be remembered that Jack quitted England some months since with the Benicia Boy, having been induced to cross the Atlantic by the many promises held out by his transatlantic admirers.

During his sojourn in the United States he has travelled many thousand miles, being everywhere received with enthusiasm. He called at our office yesterday, taking the earliest opportunity of seeing us after his arrival, and we were rejoiced to see the little fellow in apparently excellent health although, as he assured us, from having had a very bad voyage, he felt anything but up to the mark. Still he looks swarthy, and since his departure has grown a moustache which a West-end barber might envy, and his turned-down collar and manner indicated that he has caught up Yankee manners and fashions in a very short space of time. In a pecuniary point of view his journey has not been unsuccessful, while the presentation cups, and other trophies which he received, are alone of considerable value. Macdonald will be at the fight between Hurst and Paddock, on Tuesday next, when many old friends will, without doubt, be glad to shake his honest hand once more, and welcome him to Old England.—*Sporting Life.*

DEATH OF JOE PHELPS' WIFE.—This event took place at Islington, on the 30th of October. Mrs. Phelps had been ill a long time.

TOM SAYERS IN TROUBLE

This renowned pugilistic champion is at present on a visit to Walsal, in connection with Messrs. Howes & Cushing's Circus. Though the first exhibition of the champion, on Tuesday, passed off pleasantly enough, the second was attended by proceedings of a decidedly anti-pacific character, which could not have conduced to the success of the undertaking. During the afternoon, and after the first "show," Sayers associated with his friends, partaking with them—moderately, of course—of the "jovial glass," and when the time came for him to repair to the circus, he was accompanied not only by his immediate friends, but by a vast crowd of indescribables. In the meantime, the rush to the doors had been great, and the large space beneath the canvas was crowded to excess. It was in vain that the money-takers refused money; in vain that the people outside were told that there was no room inside. They threatened to force their ways in without paying, if their money was not taken in the usual way. The natural result of this state of things was dangerous confusion, in which jostling, shouts, threats, and all the rest of the concomitant manifestations of displeasure were displayed. The ring where the horses were to run was broken into and almost filled up; many persons who could, left the place; and their money was immediately returned; the performances could not go on, and chaos seemed to have come again. At length the time came for the great treat of the evening—the boxing. But, lo! the champion and his companion could not get into the ring on foot, and so Sayers was mounted on a steed, before which the crowd, to a small extent, gave way, and there was just room enough left for a bit of "play." This was, of course, received by those who could see, with expressions of satisfaction, while those who were less favorably situated were heard to murmur discontentedly, as they naturally would. The boxing being over, an attempt was made to proceed with the other parts of the programme, but when it came to the "comic mules" it was found impossible to go on. This appeared to furnish an excuse to the vast audience to amuse themselves as best they might, and accordingly some boys commenced throwing the sawdust about. This was followed by other materials of a more ponderous nature being hurled to and fro, and amid threats of ripping up the tent, the glasses round the chandelier were smashed, and the fittings otherwise injured. In the meantime, Sergeant Wood, who, in the absence of Mr. Superintendent Cater, was in charge of the police, was communicated with, and he at once went to the scene with a number of constables under him. The first duty of these functionaries was to guard to his hotel the gallant Tom, for the crowd so pressed upon him, and there were such strange insinuations used, that but for the police he would scarcely have been able to reach there. While walking along the bridge towards the George, a brick or stone struck him on the back of the neck, but fortunately without hurting him. He was afterwards challenged by some one in the crowd to give up some colors which it was alleged he had unlawfully kept. This charge he repudiated, saying that he would scorn to detain any one's colors unlawfully. When he was safely within doors, the police returned to the circus, and there the crowd were making violent demonstrations, and intimating an intention to destroy the establishment. The police, however, about fourteen in number, managed to a great extent to restrain them, but during the evening, and while the peripatetic establishment was being pulled down and packed up for transit, eight of the constables were assaulted and bemudded, and but for their good temper and forbearance, serious consequences would probably have ensued. Eventually every vestige of the huge tent and its appurtenances disappeared, Sayers was comfortably enjoying himself with his friends, the crowd dispersed, and order was restored. Upon inquiry it turns out that a coterie of the ring in this town believe they have some cause of grudge against Sayers, and that on the afternoon of Tuesday it was talked of in a somewhat vindictive tone. It was, indeed, said that but for the police he would have had a chance of a "jacketing" before he left the town. As far as we can understand, no blame can be attached to Messrs. Howes and Cushing, or their servants. They did all they could to prevent the place being overcrowded, and willingly returned the money to those who came out because unable to see.—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

PEDESTRIANISM.

EXTRAORDINARY FOOT RACE IN ENGLAND.

THE QUICKEST MILE RACE ON RECORD.

A MILE RUN IN FOUR MINUTES AND TWENTY TWO AND A QUARTER SECONDS!

Though the Copenhagen Grounds, at Manchester, are of comparatively recent formation, they have already been the scene of some extraordinary achievements, canine as well as bipedal. Some time ago it will be remembered that Tom Hosspool, of Basford, was considered the fastest mile runner, even when he occupied 4 minutes 28 seconds in accomplishing the distance; but when he subsequently met Job Smith, of Manchester, upon this course, and traversed a mile in 4 min. 23 sec., his performance then, and up to-to-day, was unparalelled in pedestrian annals. But the event of the afternoon of Oct. 27, proved that Lancashire may now pride herself on possessing the hero in mile races in the person of Siah Albison, of Bowlee, a rural village situated near Middleton. Before describing the contest, a few particulars of its origin may not be uninteresting to our pedestrian readers. On the 11th of August last, the spirited proprietor of these grounds gave a splendid champion belt to be run for, which had been manufactured expressly for the occasion by Mr. W. Preston, of London, the value of which was 60 guineas, and on that day the following men competed for the coveted prize:—Siah Albison of Bowlee near Middleton, Job Smith of Hulme, W. Lang of Middlesborough, J. White of Gateshead, and C. Mower of Durham. Prior to the race, Albison was so much pleased with the trophy, that he declared his intention either to become its possessor or to cause the man who defeated him not to let grass grow under his feet whilst contending for it; and Albison fulfilled his prediction by carrying off the prize. The conditions under which he held it, required him to hold himself in readiness to run any one who might challenge him at six week's notice, for £25 a side and the belt, the distance of course being one mile. W. Lang (late of Middlesborough, but now of Manchester) not contented, it would appear, by having to succumb to Albison in their former engagement, threw down the gauntlet, and this afternoon was fixed for the second spin for champion honors. Soon after articles had been signed, both men went into active training, Lang betaking himself to inhale the invigorating breezes of Darley Dale, in Derbyshire, and Albison's preparation was entrusted to his veteran tutor, Mr. J. Etchells, of the Weavers' Arms, Failsworth. As the day of running approached, the interest as to the result became more intense, especially as a few who were supposed to be acquainted with "stable secrets" pronounced both pedestrians to be in first-rate fettle. The excitement, however, reached its culminating point this afternoon; a considerable number of cabs, heavily-laden 'busses, crowds by rail, and large bodies of persons on foot, all assisted to swell the attendance within the inclosure into a monster gathering, between 3,000 and 4,000 persons being present, and gave proof that the heyday of foot racing has not yet passed. Added to this the day was fine, the course in capital order, and the same excellent arrangements as usually prevail here having again been made, everything foreshadowed a more than ordinarily interesting struggle for the "pride of place," and such it was. Mr. Hayes filled the office of referee, and the betting, which opened at 7 to 4, closed at 2 to 1 on Albison. At about a quarter to four o'clock Lang made his appearance on the scene of action, accompanied by his friend and backer, Mr. G. Hardy. Shortly afterwards Albison also entered the arena, both looking well and each appearing sanguine as to the result. Lang won the toss, of course then taking the inside place, and after a couple of failures they left the crease at the third attempt. After running nearly side by side for a few strides Lang began to show the way at a pace the reverse of slow, and, gradually gaining upon his opponent, he was leading by nearly half a score yards when the men first passed the stand. This gap Lang still further widened during the succeeding revolution of the course, on the completion of which he held the premiership by upwards of a dozen paces, but shortly afterwards Albison began to make up leeway. On going along the back of the ground in the final lap the Champion gradually reduced the distance between himself and his formidable opponent, and became more close than pleasant to Lang. Rounding the bend they were nearly breast and breast, and on entering the straight the struggle as to which should claim the belt was commenced in earnest. Every energy of which they were in possession was now brought into action as yard by yard they rushed on, and though Albison's backer shied his castor into the air when the men had about 100 yards to run, the race was not then over. Albison, however, having got just in front, succeeded in slightly increasing his lead during the concluding 40 yards, and the trophy once more fell into his possession, after a magnificent race, Mr. Hayes' *fiat* being that Albison had won by a yard. The winner covered the distance in *four minutes and twenty two and a quarter seconds!* thus excelling Hosspool's fastest time by three-quarters of a second. Both pedestrians had had quite enough at the finish, Lang especially being much distressed, and Albison was warmly congratulated on his brilliant victory. Lang's performance, though an unsuccessful one, reflected great credit upon him, and though he did not win the belt, he lost little of his well-earned fame. Surprising as was Albison's achievement, we cannot help thinking but that he, at times, somewhat hazards his chance by purposely falling so far behind, such being the case not only today, but also when he first contended for the prize. Should Albison continue so to do, he may, on a future occasion, when coping against some pedestrian—even if not quite so fleet—find the beautiful trophy, upon the possession of which he so justly prides himself, wrested from his grasp. We may add, in conclusion, that Lang is just over twenty-one years of age, and Albison attained his twentieth birthday on the 26th of April last.

WALKING MATCH OF SEVEN MILES.—At Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, on the 29th ult., there was a numerous assemblage of pedestrians and their patrons to witness a walking match of seven miles for £25 a side, between F. Syms, of Fish street, and G. Proctor, of Rotherhithe. The ground was in first-rate order, and to complete their seven miles, the competitors had to go over the course no less than 28 times. Mr. Sadler was appointed referee, and shortly after 4 p. m., the men toed the scratch; Syms having for his mentor John Smith, the Regent Street Pet, while Proctor was "coached" by Jacques and Haywood. The betting closed at 6 to 4 on Proctor, and on the referee giving the word "Go," both men went away at a rasping pace, the style of Syms, with body erect and manly, and with an unimpeachably fair stride, being greatly admired and applauded. On they strode around the course for the first time, Syms with a slight lead. This pace, lap after lap, he gradually increased until at the finish of the first mile he was some twenty yards in advance of his man, and walking so fairly, and withal so easily, that it was evident to all judges, barring accidents, the pet of the Regent Street Pet, must win easily. Proctor very gamely, and with great determination, made several spurts in attempting to turn the tide of luck in his favor, but all in vain, as it was apparent that on each attempt his opponent had got "the foot of him," for Syms went on increasing his lead so easily but so surely, that at the completion of the fifth mile Proctor had at least 140 yards the worst of it; however, he never gave in, but kept on his way gamely but unsuccessfully, for on the completion of the 28th round, or the 7 miles, the referee proclaimed Syms the winner by 170 yards. The following is Syms' time:—The first mile was done in 7 min. 41 sec.; second, 16 min. 15 sec.; third, 24 min. 55 sec.; fourth, 33 min. 51 sec.; fifth, 42 min. 40 sec.; sixth, 51 min. 17 sec.; seventh, 1 hour 52 sec. Proctor's time for the whole distance being 1 hour 1 min. 35 sec.

AQUATICS.

SCULLING MATCH.—James Lewis, a fisherman of Lambeth, and William Stratford, a waterman of the same place, were matched to row for £10 a side, and the contest came off on Monday, 29th ult., from Putney to Barnes. Lewis is 35 years of age, and has contended once or twice before, while Stratford is but 22, and this is his first appearance as a candidate for aquatic honors; but his performance the other day showed it will not be the last. About 2 o'clock the men appeared at their stations, rowing in outriggers, and in Nature's habiliments, with the best place to Lewis. The pilots were Fred Lett for Lewis, and Driver for Stratford, and the betting, what there was of it, was 6 to 4 on Lewis. After a considerable amount of dodging, Lewis managed to get away with half a length to the good, but did not hold it long, for Stratford's start was very rapid, and they were level at the Star and Garter, and then Stratford drew half a length in his turn, but it was evident that the "old-un" was not to be left behind very easily, and he spurted up again at Simmond's, and a second time was half a length in advance, making the race exceedingly interesting. It was sharp work here, Stratford determining not to let the other have the best of it long together, and at Finch's they were level again. A clipping encounter now followed, each trying his utmost to win, and the result was that at Craven Cottage, Stratford began to lead again, but jeopardized the race by suddenly coming near his opponent while he was not clear. There was no touch, however, and 100 yards further on Stratford led well. His rowing was very good, although hardly finished enough, and Lewis also pulled well, but his stroke was too short, and his boat was down on the right hand. Stratford led by two lengths at the Crab Tree, and passed under Hammersmith Bridge three lengths and more in advance in 10 min. 10 sec., but Lewis rowed so pluckily all the way that Stratford did not get far away, and ultimately won by six lengths, in 22 min. 45 sec.

TOM WHITE'S BENEFIT came off at Astley's Theatre, on the 31st ult. The attendance was large, and the entertainment of a pleasing character. Among the volunteers were Charley Fox, Joe Brown, and G. W. Pell, Ethiopian delineators.

THE TRIGGER.

THE GREAT RIFLE MATCH AT HIGHTOWN.—The great rifle contest at Hightown, England, commenced on Monday, 29th ult., and was inaugurated in a manner worthy of the importance of the occasion. The hamlet of Hightown, on the Liverpool and Southport Railway, contains but few scattered houses, amongst a vast range of sand hills, and probably its existence was scarcely known to many thousands in Liverpool. About five minutes' walk from the railway station, towards the shore, brings the visitor to the summit of a line of hills, from which he obtains a splendid view of an extensive plain, enclosed on every side by mounds of sand, and which form the now celebrated "Hightown Range." The targets are pitched at the foot of the inner face of the hills flanking the bay between Hightown and Crosby, and perfect security is obtained against accidents. About twenty targets are pitched along the range in an uninterrupted line, and outside the great range are several targets, which are not used in the contest for prizes, but are called the "Aunt Sally" targets, rifle bullets being substituted for the wooden weapons with which the visage of the "aunt" is scarred at country fairs and race courses. The range has been obtained for the volunteers of Liverpool and Lancashire generally by the generosity and unwearied exertions of Colonel Adam Gladstone and Major Tuley, of the 2d Battalion Lancashire Rifle Volunteers. These officers have expended a large sum of money in preparing the ground; and the result is, as Colonel Clarke Kennedy emphatically declared, that the range is the best in the kingdom for rifle contests—superior, even, he had no hesitation in saying, to that which is used at Hythe. The opinion of the gallant colonel was unanimously endorsed by all who were present. The ranges extend from 200 to 1100 yards—the latter being the greatest range yet shot over in any rifle contest—and at each point the marksman is admirably placed, and the targets are sufficiently distant from each other to prevent mistakes even at the extreme range. We apprehend that the shooting at 1000 and 1100 yards will be the crucial test of the skill of our marksmen, but we doubt not in the least that the result will be eminently satisfactory and creditable. It was expected that the lord lieutenant of the county, the Earl of Sefton, would have been present to open the meeting, but his lordship was unable to attend. At the appointed hour, however, the Hon. Algernon Egerton, M. P., and party, proceeded to the first target and declared the meeting opened, and the shooting commenced immediately. The markers were selected from that fine regiment, the Stirlingshire Militia, which is an honor to the county in which it was raised.

The first prize contested was—the Hightown Stakes, a purse, value £50, presented by the Hon. Mrs. Stapleton, of Ditton Hall, Warrington; second prize £20, and third prize £10, added by the committee, to be competed for by the regiments of the line and militia quartered in the county, including the city of Chester and Fort of New Brighton, and militia and volunteers of Lancashire; two from each company. Distance 300, 500 and 600 yards; long or short Enfield; government pattern; five shots at each range. The winner of the first is musketry instructor to the 11th Depot Battalion, and the winner of the second prize is a captain in the army; and the third prize was carried off by a volunteer. The shooting was fair up to the 600 yards, when there was a great falling off. The prizes were awarded to the winners as follows:—

Prize.	Points at 300 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
1st. Chas. Scott Ball, 11th Depot Batt.	5	6	1	12
2d. Capt. W. Bluett, 10th Foot	5	5	1	11
3d. James Jervis, 1st Man Regt	5	3	2	10
Color-Serj. H. Irvine, Stirlingsh. Militia	1	8	0	9
G. W. Robinson, 13th Southport	3	3	3	9

A purse of £25, presented by Lieut. Col. William Brown; second prize £15, and third £10, added by the committee; for the Liverpool Artillery Volunteers, to be competed for with the regulation carbine; distances, 200 and 300 yards; five shots at each range.—

Prize.	Points at 200 yds.	300 yds.	Total.
1st. Capt. Brabner, 20th L. A. V.	6	4	10
2d. F. H. Michalowski, 4th L. A. V.	2	6	8
3d. Lieut. Stanley, 20th L. A. V.	4	4	8
Lieut. Charles Bean	6	2	8
Capt. B. Wrigley, 4th L. A. V.	3	4	7
Capt. S. H. Turner	4	3	7

The prize was long undecided. In the first round each scored one; in the second Michalowski got a centre, whilst Lieuts. Bean and Stanley scored an outer each. The second prize was thus disposed of, but the third remained undecided. The two competitors fired again, and again each scored an outer. The interest excited was intense, and the competitors were warmly congratulated on the excellence of their shooting. In round the fourth and last Lieut. Stanley scored an outer, but Lieut. Bean missed, and thus ended one of the most exciting contests we have ever seen. The final award was:—First prize, Capt. Brabner, 10 points; second, Gunner Michalowski; third, Lieut. Stanley. The first and third prizes were carried off by officers in the same company.

Col. Kennedy and several other experienced gentlemen warmly commended the steadiness and excellence of the firing in the final contest.—A Silver Cup, value 50 guineas, presented by William Preston, Esq.; second prize, value 20 guineas, presented by Messrs. Webb and Hunt; to be competed for by the Rifle Volunteers of Liverpool; distances, 300 and 500 yards; five shots at each range. In this contest a manifest improvement in the firing was noticed, especially at the 300 yards range. A good number of fours and fives were obtained, but the average was not sustained in firing over 500 yards, competitors who scored six, and even seven, at the 300, missing the target repeatedly at the extended range. There was a tie between Mr. Pole and Mr. Richards, each of whom had obtained 11 points by very careful and steady shooting. The competitors met to decide to whom the victory should belong, and the result was speedily arrived at. Mr. Pole fired the first, and scored an outer; Mr. Richards followed, and hit the centre of the target, thereby obtaining the prize.

Prize.	Points at 200 yds.	300 yds.	Total
1st. W. S. Richards, 39th L. R. V.	6	5	11
2d. C. Chandos Pole, 5th L. R. V.	5	6	11
Capt. M'Dowle, 19th L. R. V.	7	3	10
J. McDiarmid, 5th L. R. V.	7	3	10
Sergeant G. H. Morrison, 5th L. R. V.	6	3	9

On Tuesday the contest was continued. The firing was very superior to that of the previous day. There were only two prizes to be contested for, and the attendance on the ground was very small. The first contest was for a challenge cup, value 50 guineas, presented by the Earl of Ellesmere. The prize was to be competed for by delegates, who must be effective volunteers from the volunteer companies of the county. Three delegates from each company, to be chosen by the commanding officer of the company. The company whose delegates should obtain the highest aggregate score to be the winner. The cup to be considered the property of the winning company for the year, and to become its permanent property when won two years consecutively, or three times in all. The cup, so long as it is the challenge cup, will revert to the donor, or his representatives, if not competed for each succeeding year until another competition takes place. The distances were 300, 500, and 600 yards, and five shots were allowed at each range. The 1st Company of the 5th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, having scored 34, bore off the cup for this year. The best individual score was made by Mr. E. Bland, of the 1st company of the 8th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, who made 14 points; and the next best by Mr. J. Yates, of the 1st company 21 Manchester, who made 13. The 4th company of the 3d Manchester Regiment, was the only Manchester company fully represented, but the gentlemen delegated did not signally distinguish themselves. The 1st company of the 1st Manchester had only one representative in Mr. J. Jervis, who had won a prize on the previous day. The 1st company of the 21 Manchester was represented by Mr. Yates, whose score has already been referred to. Captain Brooks was the only representative of the 3d company of the 3 1 Manchester, and made a score of 9.

The next contest was for a purse of £50, presented by the Mayor of Liverpool (T. D Anderson, Esq.), distributed in five prizes of £10 each, to be competed for by volunteers of the town of Liverpool earning weekly wages. Ten shots were allowed, and the distance was fixed at 200 yards. There were 30 entries. The first prize was won by Nicholas Murphy, of the 64th Lancashire Irish Rifle Volunteers, who scored 16 points; and the second by Sergeant Holland, of the 25th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers. For the three other prizes there were four who had scored 13. Sergeant D. Bowen, 25th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, missed; and the three other prizes were given to J. Williams, W. Burton, and R. Holt. In the course of the day several sweepstakes were got up, and fired for by all comers, in any position, with any description of rifle, hair triggers and magnifying sights alone being disallowed. The most noticeable of these was a match in which Colonel Gladstone, Lord Spencer, Major Brougham, and several other gentlemen contested. In this match, Major-General Walker, of Dumfries, inspector of musketry to rifle volunteers in Scotland, acted as umpire. Mr. Haigh, of the 5th company of the 21 battalion of Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, made five centres, which counted ten points. Sergeant Wright, of the Royal Artillery, also made ten points. In shooting off the tie Mr. Haigh made a "bull's eye," and Sergeant Wright a "centre," and the former consequently won the prize. Mr. Haigh used a Whitworth, and Sergeant Wright, a long Enfield. In another sweepstakes, in which there were 20 competitors, and the range was 200 yards, Mr. James Roper, of the 24 Cheshire; Lieutenant William Coulbourn, of the 1st Lanarkshire; Mr. William Kirby and Mr. E R Coulbourn, 1st Lanarkshire, each made eight points. In firing off, Mr. Edward Coulbourn and Mr. Kirby each made "bull's eyes." On another trial they respectively made "outers." The next time each made "centres;" and, on trying again, Mr. Kirby missed, and Mr. Edward Coulbourn wound up triumphantly with a "bull's-eye." The sweepstakes throughout the day excited considerable amusement, especially to those who otherwise were mere spectators, the committee placing rifles and ammunition at their disposal at a nominal charge. On Wednesday an all-prevailing fog prevented the shooting at long ranges. The only event that came off was a cup, value twelve guineas, presented by Messrs. Bonsen and Mallet, being the proceeds of the sale of the official card at Knowsley; to be competed for by any volunteer whose corps was present at the Knowsley Review. Distances, 200 and 300 yards. Five shots at each range. Entrance 5s. There were upwards of 130 entries. The winner is only 16 years of age. The following were the three highest scores:—

	Points at 200 yds.	300 yds.	Total.
Thomas Casson, 39th L. R. V.	8	9	17
Capt. W. Badenach, 15th L. R. V.	7	6	13
G. B. Carruthers, 10th Div. L. R. V.	6	7	13

MISCELLANEOUS.

MATCH IN PARIS FOR £200 A SIDE.—The trot between the Duke de Terranova's bay mare Polly (American) and the Marquis de Talon's chesnut gelding (English), three miles, in harness (owners driving), catch weights, for £200 a side, came off on Monday, Oct 29, in the Bois de Boulogne, near the race course. This match, which was made as long ago as last spring, excited so much interest in Paris that Prince Menchikoff and Mr. Bristed came from Baden Baden on purpose to witness it, and among the spectators were several ladies—a fact almost unprecedented in trotting annals, even in America. Messrs. Bristed and Van Zandt were chosen judges, and 10 A. M. was fixed as the hour, but the competitors did not come to the post till nearly eleven. Both the noble owners wore their colors. Polly was harnessed to a skeleton wagon, and the chesnut to a light gig. A capital start was effected, but immediately after the gelding broke badly, and the mare went away with a long lead. After two hundred yards she broke also, but caught her trot before the horse could close the gap; these were the only breaks made during the whole distance. The remainder of the race requires little description; the mare continued to increase her lead without an effort, and finally won by something like a quarter of a mile, in 9min. 20sec. Polly is under 14½ hands; she was formerly known in New York as the Burnham mare.

DIDN'T LIKE THE JOB.—JACKO OF LONDON VS. BIRMINGHAM.—The great 200 rat match, for £10 a side, which stood to come off at Birmingham on the 29th ult., ended in a forfeit on the part of Shaw, who assigned as the cause of his not being to weigh at Brettle's at the appointed time (six o'clock) that the train did not arrive in time. Mr. Heath allowed half an hour before he claimed the stakes. He afterwards offered Shaw to give him back 50s. to allow the match to come off, so as not to disappoint the public, but it was no go, for, although Heath offered to destroy for from 5s. up to £20, Shaw would not.

DEATH OF A TURF REPORTER.—Mr. John M. Wanless, for the last four years a turf reporter for the London press, died from consumption on the 30th ult., at the age of 21 years.

DEATH OF THE STEEPLE CHASER, ABD EL-KADER.—This celebrated steeple chaser met his death at Upton, on the 1st inst., while running for Upton-on-Severn Steeple Chase. He was going as well as any thing in the race, when his forelegs struck in a drain on the far side of the course, and he fell heavily, injuring himself so severely, that Mr. Barber gave orders for him to be immediatly shot. Coris. Green, who rode him, was very much shaken, but fortunately no bones were broken.

DEATH OF A MONSTER GREYHOUND.—The monster Greyhound, Mocking Bird, died recently at Dunchurch. He won several stakes, running at the weight of 95lb; and on the evening of the second day, after winning the Cup at Tamworth, given by Sir Robert Peel, Bart., he weighed this weight before feeding. He stood the height of a dining room table, measured 34 inches round the girth, and was six inches longer than any greyhound that could be found.

PEDESTRIANISM.

EXTRAORDINARY FOOT RACE—FAST TIME.—A foot race of one hundred yards, for five hundred dollars a side, came off at Mendota on Thursday, the 7th inst. The contestants were Kealy T. Davis, formerly called the Californian, and the other was the celebrated Western Ped, Bob Harris, of Keokuk, Iowa, who once received forfeit from Ike Shultz. The day was rather favorable, and the tracks in magnificent condition, being raked, scraped, and rolled until they were level and smooth as a floor. The betting was all in favor of Harris, at 60 to 40, and which was taken to the amount of eight or nine hundred dollars, when Davis' friends became a little dubious and let up on him. At four o'clock, the men appeared on the ground, and on tossing for choice of track, Davis won it, and the judges were then chosen. The Keokuks had bet two or three hundred on Harris doing the distance (100 yards) in nine and a half seconds, and considerable time was consumed in the backers of time picking suitable judges; but finally M. Peirson, M. McCarty, J. Potter, and W. Thompson were chosen; they had two stop-watches, double time keepers, with single independent hands, and which caught quarter seconds. Two of the judges were at the starting point, and two at the out come, and had both watches running exactly together. When the runners started, they stopped their watch, and when they came out, the other two stopped theirs. But to the race:—After scoring up three or four times, they finally got away, Davis having a slight advantage, which he kept increasing fearfully, and beating Harris eighteen feet six inches, winning the race and money; but in the excitement, the judges timed Davis instead of Harris, and on their comparing their watches it was ascertained that he (Davis) was exactly nine seconds from scratch to scratch, which is, I find on refer

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CORPS DE BALLET, PANTOMIME TROUPE,
And the most Carefully Selected Company of
ETHIOPIAN MUSICIANS AND VOCALISTS
The world has ever produced.

LIST OF ARTISTES FOR 1860-61.

A. V. HERANDEZ, HARRY LEHR,
GUSTAVE RIDAUX, W. ALONZO OWENS,
H. S. RUMSEY, M'LLE ROSATI,
LITTLE BOBBY, JULES HUDSON,
E. FRENCHANI, YOUNG LANGHORNE,
MONS. B YATESIE, CARL DE VINCENT,
J. GARATEQUI, T. D. STANLEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB.

This Mammoth Enterprise will start on its Annual Tour, West and South, en route for the Island of Cuba, August 13th.
CARD EXPLANATIVE:
Until the present season we have announced ourselves as RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S CAMPBELL MINSTRELS, and as such were everywhere recognized. The name was our's by *inheritance*, we being the survivors of those who now sleep beneath the clods of the valley, having, with them, years ago, formed the Campbells. As one by one departed, we kept struggling on to maintain the reputation our dead brethren left behind, and at the same time establish permanently the name originally adopted. Soon the name became familiar as household words to the public, and the announcement "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING," was everywhere hailed with delight. But men lacking force, integrity, talent, or business qualifications, formed bands spasmodically, and as Gipseys do their stolen children, named them falsely and called them Campbells. We found non-professional persons—Bohemians, strolling actors, mountebanks and impostors—roaming from city to city and town to town, and deceiving the public by ingeniously copied publications and downright misrepresentations. Recollections of the golden days of THE Campbells; respect for the memory of our deceased co-laborers, and a desire to keep the public from the machinations of the VAGRANTS above alluded to, we deemed it best to lay aside the name of Campbells, whose escutcheon we labored hard to keep untarnished, and as same that of our established firm; at the same time we would CAUTION THE PUBLIC that no persons now traveling or living, save ourselves, have a right to announce themselves as CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
H. S. RUMSEY,
W. W. NEWCOMB,
18tf Managers and Proprietors.

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS
AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD,
NIBLO'S SALOON.
R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
MONDAY EVENING, AUG 27TH, AND EVERY EVENING.
N. B.—Messrs. Hooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above commodious and popular Saloon for the winter season, where they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most *recherche* style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to a New York audience, the Programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.
☞ LOOK AT THE COMPANY. ☜

BEN COTTON,	J. UNSWORTH,
S. C. CAMPBELL,	MASTER EUGENE,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	W. NORTON,
J. B. DONNIKER,	J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE,	AUG. ASCHE,
J. J. HILLIARD,	L. A. ZWISLER,
and R. M. HOOLEY.	

For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

THE MOST COMPLETE AND
LARGEST MINSTREL TROUPE TRAVELLING,
Is again in the field for the year 1860 and '61.
UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE
DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND;
TWENTY PERFORMERS,
Consisting of the very flower of Ethiopian Artists in the profession.
SHOREY, DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ONLY ORIGINAL
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE,
AND MAMMOTH BRASS BAND,
Are on the move for the West, South, and the Island of Cuba, and during the present season they will visit the following cities: New Bedford, Lynn, Springfield, Massachusetts; Concord, N. H.; Brattleboro, Vermont; New Haven, Conn.; Paterson, N. J.; Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, N. Y.; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Ohio; Detroit, Mich.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul, Dubuque, Iowa; Indianapolis, Ind; St. Louis, Mo.; Louisville, Ky.; Nashville, Tenn.; Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Miss; Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Havana, Cuba, Mobile, Ala; Montgomery, Savannah, Ga.; Augusta, Charleston, S. C; Columbia, Wilmington, N. C.; Norfolk, Richmond, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Md; Philadelphia, Pa.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; and stopping at all the principal towns along the whole route, on which occasion every member of this stupendous troupe will appear in an entirely new selection of Acts, selected from the gems of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.
THE NEW ORLEANS and METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND, led by Mr. JOHN PRATT, will give a Grand Serenade in front of the Hall each evening previous to opening the doors.
Proprietors, SHOREY, DUPREZ & GREEN.
Manager and Business Agent, CHS. H. DUPREZ. 25 4t*

MRS. MATT. PEEL'S
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
Comprising
FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their
BEAUTIFUL SINGING,
LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,
OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,
Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Traveling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.
NO CARDS EXPLANATORY,
NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY,
NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,
As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.
"*VENI, VIDI, VICI.*"
Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.
25-tf J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
MINSTRELS,
Are now in their
FOURTH REGULAR SEASON,
At their Opera House,
ORDWAY HALL, BOSTON.
The Company consists of the following talented artists:—

LON MORRIS,	E. BOWERS,
BILLY MORRIS,	FRED. WILSON,
JOHNNY PELL,	R. M. CARROLL,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	W. H. BROCKWAY,
A. A. THAYER,	J. S. GILBERT,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	CARL TRAUTMAN,
J. P. ENDRES,	FREDERICK HESS,
CHAS A. MORRIS,	MASTER GETTINGS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
Ad LON MORRIS, Manager.

THEATRE, VINCENNES, IND.—Wanted immediately, a Singing Chambermaid, good Walking Lady, Old Man, and Walking Gent. Salaries prompt. Address
29-3t* E. H. MASON, Manageress.

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND COSTUME DEPOT, No. 152 Canal street. The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday 51-tf

GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN,
BOWERY, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51. BOWERY,
PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK,
A GRAND
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL
CONCERT,
BALLET,
PANTOMIME,
AND TABLEAUX.,
WILL BE GIVEN AT THE ABOVE PLACE,
BY THE BEST SELECTED COMPANY IN THE CITY,
Consisting of American, French, Italian, and German Talent.
THE CHEAPEST PLACE
OF AMUSEMENT
IN THE CITY.
SIX CENTS.....ADMISSION.....SIX CENTS.
CROWDED EVERY NIGHT.
NO FEMALE WAITERS.
First appearance this week of
MR. AND MRS. HOFER,
From St. Louis,
THE CELEBRATED
TYROLESE SINGERS,
In their National Costume, will sing some of their original Jodel Songs of their native country.
Mr. and Mrs. CONSTANTIA, the Great Ballet Dancers.
Mad. E PAREVELLI, the Italian Nightingale.
Miss CECELIA MORLEY, the celebrated Cantatrice.
Miss SOPHIA WALTON, the accomplished Danseuse.
Mr. R. PARKER, the celebrated Banjo Soloist, and a host of others.
DON'T FORGET 45 BOWERY.
31 1t J. O'CONOR, SIOH & CO.

ART UNION CONCERT HALL,
497 BROADWAY.
The most popular
PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
Open every evening, with the following talent:—
Miss ANNIE BORDWELL, the unrivalled Soprano, in ballads, Scotch songs, and gems from the operas.
Miss KATE PARTINGTON, the Champion Jig Dancer.
Miss P. JONES, Comic Vocalist and Danseuse.
Little NELLY GREY, the Infant Wonder.
W. BORDWELL, Comic Vocalist and Burlesque Actor.
COOL BURGESS, the original Bob Ridley.
BILLY JACOBS, Comic Vocalist and Eccentric Comedian.
W. WEST, Ethiopian Comedian
TOM BROOKFIELD, in Songs and Dances.
R. HARRISON, in his great Imitations
Young DAN WILLIAMS, the greatest Banjoist in the world.
Together with FIFTEEN FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS, besides the largest and most efficient Orchestra in the city, under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH BRAHAM.
SMITH & HARRISON, Proprietors.
W. BORDWELL, Stage Manager. 31

IVY GREEN FREE AND EASIES,
EVERY MONDAY AND SATURDAY EVENING.
Presided over by FRED MAY, the celebrated Irish Comic Singer, and DAN COLLINS, the beautiful Sentimental Singer.
Best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, &c., &c.
31-1t* LORD & STACOM, Proprietors.

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
SYLVESTER BLEECKER.....Proprietor and Manager
FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,
561 and 563 BROADWAY, N. Y.
Will start on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS and PIECES, illustrative of
SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,
31-tf FRANK EDWARDS, Agent.

TO CIRCUS, THEATRICAL, AND OTHER MANAGERS.—The undersigned takes this method of informing the profession that he is ready to negotiate with any responsible manager, for a brief engagement only, for a part or all of the following features:—Acrobatic and gymnastic feats, Herculean and feats of light and heavy balancing, ventriloquism, &c., together with other attractions, too numerous to detail. Address, or apply at 41 Delancey street, New York. [31-1t*] G. W. KIRBYE.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL,
AMERICAN CONCERT HALL,
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.
IMMENSE SUCCESS.
IMMENSE SUCCESS.
The largest, best and most respectable concert hall in the city, conducted upon a very different principle to any other like place in the country, talent being the great draw, and not outside show. Vulgar jokes, obscene songs, and numberless other aids disgusting to mention, which not only shock the sensitive, but cause numbers of persons to avoid every place of amusement indiscriminately, are avoided at the
AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
The great success is a proof that the manager's efforts are appreciated.
The following talent will appear every evening:—
BILLY O'NEIL,
The only original Irish Comedian in America.
L. SIMMONS, in his great unequalled Banjo Solos.
W. QUINN, the greatest Burlesque Orator of the day.
W. ALLEN, the celebrated Ethiopian Performer.
G. GAINOR, the Eccentric Delineator.
F. SHAW, Extemporaneous and Comic Singer.
Mons. LA THORNE, the greatest Hercules of the age.
THE ORRIN FAMILY, and
DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE.
PROF. NICHOLLS AND SON,
In their beautiful and classical gymnastic groupings.
MISS CLARA HARRINGTON,
The American Nightingale, in some of the most popular ballads.

Miss JULIA CHRISTINE,	Miss JENNY CHRISTINE,
Miss KATE HARRISON,	Miss KATE HAMILTON,
Miss JULIA HAMILTON,	Miss FLORENCE,
Miss EMILY MARSH,	M'lle AUGUSTINE.

And a host of others, too numerous to mention.
Admission, parquet, 20 cents; gallery, 10 cents.
R. W. BUTLER.....Proprietor.
Mons. LA THORNE.....Stage Manager.
29 F. VAN OLKEN.....Musical Director.

VENTRILOQUISM MADE EASY.—Just published, a book of 96 pages, explaining how every body may become a Ventriloquist. Sent free of postage, on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps, to
29-10t* WYMAN, The Ventriloquist, Philadelphia, Pa.

HALL OWNERS OR AGENTS.—The proprietors or owners of Lecture, Concert, or Exhibition Rooms, in any part of the United States and Canada, will find it to their interest to forward by first of December, the name, location, capacity, rent, and every other fact of importance respecting their Hall, to WYMAN,
28-7t* The Wizard and Ventriloquist, Philadelphia, Pa.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, CLEVELAND, O.—The management of this excellent Hall having recently passed into my hands, I have spared neither pains or expense in thoroughly refitting and refurnishing it, placing it in the front rank of the first class halls in the country For Concerts or Theatrical Exhibitions, its advantages are unsurpassed in the West. Address THOS. J. QUINLAN,
29 8t* Managing Agent, Box 3201, Cleveland, Ohio.

MR. T. ALLISON BROWN, author of the valuable records of the American Stage, now in course of publication in the CLIPPER, is desirous of forming an engagement as agent for a "Star." Mr. Brown is a young man, not more than twenty-nine years of age, and has travelled in various professional capacities throughout the United States. He has consequently acquired that thorough practical knowledge which is essential in the employment of an agent, and this, coupled with the habits of a trustworthy man of business, and a personal acquaintance with managers and actors, fit him eminently for the post he seeks. Any letters intended for Mr. Brown, in reference to his desire, can be forwarded to this office. 27-tf

THE UNDERSIGNED is open to an engagement as ADVERTISING AGENT for a first class STAR, or an A 1 Exhibition. Thirteen years experience. Proprietors of Dissolving Views and one horse shows need not communicate. CHARLES J. WALTER,
30-tf Philadelphia, care of Sunday At'as.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE TO RENT.—The Metropolitan Theatre, Detroit, is now offered to rent on reasonable terms, by the night, week, or season, or for a term of years, to a good manager. This is a good opportunity, rarely met with; the house is complete, well situated, and the only Theatre in the city.
For further particulars apply to JAMES SHERLOCK,
31 2* Detroit, Michigan.

WANTED—at P. KLEIN'S Concert Saloon, Pittsburgh, Pa., opposite the Post Office, one good Singing Lady, one good Dancing Lady. Salary paid punctually. Address R. J. McGOWAN, stating terms, &c. 31 2*

MR. SAM COWELL and his Concert Party will finish their tour of Canada this week. On Monday, Nov. 12th, Mr. COWELL visits Detroit, Mich., and from thence to Chicago, Ill., and on to St. Louis, Mo. [31-1t] G. A. HOUGH, Business Manager.

THE MISSES CARRY AND SARA NELSON have been performing at New York, Buffalo, Rochester, Troy, Albany, and Portland, and are now engaged to appear at Philadelphia, Boston and Providence, after which they will again appear at the above named places. Communications should be addressed to 49 Bleecker street, New York city. 31-4t*

JAS. R. PAULLIN, costumer and "first old man," who was inquired for some time ago, may be addressed at San Francisco, where he has lived off and on for the past five years. For the last 17 months he has been on his back with a fractured leg. A letter addressed to him at San Francisco, Cal., will reach him.

JOHN C. RIVERS.—We have a letter for you. Where shall we send it? 31-4t*

BOB SMITH.
GRAND COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL TO
MR. ROBERT SMITH,
Tendered him by his numerous friends, at the ART UNION CONCERT HALL, 497 Broadway, on FRIDAY EVENING, Nov. 23d. The proceeds to be used to purchase a memento for him, as a token of their regard. The following ladies and gentlemen have kindly volunteered for this occasion, and will positively appear:—
Mr. JAMES CUMMINGS,
The celebrated Tenor, will sing a variety of Scotch Songs, in the National costume, also a Duett with
Miss ANNIE BORDWELL
Miss H. O. LALANDE, the beautiful Contralto.
Miss EMMA FROTHINGHAM, the favorite Soprano.
Miss EMMA SCHELL. Miss MARY BLAKE, the beautiful Danseuses.
RODEY MAGUIRE, NED. RILEY, Comic Vocalists.
Master FLORENCE, and LARRY TOOLE,
Personators of Female Characters.
To give variety to the entertainment, the evening's amusement will conclude with a GRAND SPARRING EXHIBITION, in which the following gentlemen will participate:—

IZZY LAZARUS,	AUSTRALIAN KELLY,
MIKE TRAINOR,	HARRY LAZARUS,
BILL CLARKE,	JOHNNY MONAGHAN,
JACK BATH,	OWEN GEOGHEGHAN,
JOHNNY LAZARUS,	YOUNG DUTCH SAM,

With the regular company of the Art Union.
During the evening Mr. ROBERT SMITH and WM. BLYTHE will appear in a Grand Duetto, arranged for two corneis. Mr SMITH will also, for the first time, make his bow as a vocalist, in a Duet with Miss ANNIE BORDWELL.
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

Mr. M. A PERKINS,	Mr. THOMAS MEDLEY,
Mr. KENDALL,	Mr. GEORGE MILLER,
Mr. JOHN SHAW.	Mr. B BROOKHURST,
Mr. JOHN HOLCROFT,	Mr. WM JOHNSON,
Mr. W. FORDWELL,	Mr. JOE BRAHAM.
Mr. IZZY LAZARUS,	Mr. GEO. HARRISON.

Prices of admission—50 and 25 cents. 32-1t

TO THE ETHIOPIAN PROFESSION.
WANTED, IMMEDIATELY,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
TO TRAVEL SOUTH AND WEST.
None but those of acknowledged talent need apply.
Address
MELVILLE & AKARMAN,
24 Ann street,
32-1t* Care of F. A BRADY.

BANJO PLAYERS, ATTENTION!—JAS. BUCKLEY, of Buckley's Serenaders, has just completed an improvement on Banjos, which will repay every person to examine; its cost is but trifling. Call and see it at 36 White street, near Broadway, where he continues to teach Violin and Banjo. Terms, 50 cents per lesson. 32 1.*

CARD.—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Sothern begs to state that his engagement list is full to May next.
32-1f J. PONISI, Agent for Mr. S.

SECOND SIGHT MYSTERY EXPOSED.—Just published, in a book of 96 pages, "How Robert Heller and others Perform the Second Sight Mystery." Sent free of postage on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps to WYMAN, THE VENTRILOQUIST,
32-6t* Philadelphia, Pa.

W. HERRMAN'S present whereabouts is inquired for by his brother, in this city. He has not been heard from in five months.

MISS HENRIETTA LANG'S address is inquired for by a New York correspondent.

WALTER M. LEMAN'S address was recently inquired for by a Cincinnati correspondent. A Baltimore correspondent, who corresponds with Mr. Leman, says a letter will reach him if addressed to San Francisco, California.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, November 19, 1860.

"Tickets!" How many a time prior to the memorable 6th, had we occasion to speak the word! and even now, when the election is a matter of the past, we still find the well remembered syllables on our lips. But the "tickets" that invite our present emotion and mention are not the "tickets" which disturbed us and the rest of creation only a few days since. There is nothing political in the former, while politics were everything in the latter. For no aspirant to office are we now solicited to ballot our vote. All that is required of us is to first purchase, and then (if we like) present our "ticket" to one of the "urbane and indefatigable" race neatly enconced in his box at a fashionable theatre on Broadway. Though, as we have already said, there is nothing of a political complexion about the business in question, still some of its attendant circumstances share a similarity with those of the recent agitation. In the first place, viewing these theatrical "tickets," are we not reminded of certain persons and certain specialities? Here is No. 1, as we will call it for the sake of plainness. What its purport? simply, that Mr. Narcissus, the favorite actor at ——, is going to have a "night." We are acquainted with the gentleman—have seen him in many parts. We have also read the newspapers, in which Mr. Narcissus is always well spoken of, but about "benefit" time, in a style that approaches, if it does not transgress, the highfalutin. Now, turn we to "ticket" No. 2. What is the name we recognise there—what the inferences we jump at? The former is—no matter: ladies' names are of no account with us, no more than was the name of a rose to the lovely and romantic Juliet. Well, there is Mrs. or Miss, in either case a very handsome personage, whose friends are invited to rally round her on the coming occasion, and on whom several of the newspapers publish certain highly colored eulogiums, just as they did in the case of No. 1. Now we come to No 3, where it is an undoubted Miss whom we recognise—pretty and clever, of course, and the theme of the critics' praise. Others follow in the list of benefit takers; and all we hope is that they may do well, every one of them. On the abstract question of this benefit-taking, we should not be inclined to offer a word, and might content ourselves likewise by letting the period at which the act presents itself slide past with a thousand other unconsidered things. There are associations, however, to be viewed in connection, about which we may be permitted to slip in a word or so. According to a custom older and better than that which now prevails, the stock members of a company never put up their respective names for a "night" until pretty near the end of the season, and then *only once*. There was a comparative modesty in this, at least, and no doubt, what patronage was extended to a "favorite" was really more heartfelt than any which is extended under the new dispensation. Actors and actresses like those we have referred to are sufficiently well paid for services rendered, and in the most liberal point of view, *one* benefit in a season ought to suffice. We do not care when it comes, it may be in September, a week after the opening, or it may be in June, a week before the close; but let the primary unit be the limit. We go strong for an arrangement like this, which, we are aware, many of our professional friends would oppose with all their strength—not desiring to lose the chance of a second, a third, and even a fourth appeal to friends, prefigured by the additional issue of "tickets." It is with this happy consummation in sight, that the current period of the theatric season is selected for the first indication of what is expected; February will do for a second; and the end of May or commencement of June for the third, if indeed a fourth is not ventured. The intervals chosen are happily measured. Former favors live not in the memory of the generous; and so the "tickets" of earlier issue may be forgotten things to the friends who are solicited to come again. But there is one person connected with our fashionable theatres who, at a first glance, may be credited for modesty, on the "ticket" and benefit business. It is the "urbane and indefatigable" treasurer already spoken of. He seldom has more than a single "night" in a single season. How modest, how unassuming, in short how worthy of such a character! So will the opinion run on one side; while on the other, it may be presumed that the "urbane and indefatigable" realizes something like a benefit every night he sits in the receipt of customs, in the issue of "free passes," which, like the bread of the good man, cast upon the waters, returns with advantage, after many days—in some instances, so enhanced as to empower the "urb." and "ind." to take a hand in the management itself.

At the Old Bowery Theatre, a circus company, said to hail from Spalding & Rogers' Amphitheatre, New Orleans, are now performing to very fine business indeed. We dropped in on Friday evening last, and although the worst night in the week for business, there was a remarkably good attendance. Judging from the entertainment given on that evening, we came to the conclusion that the troupe is inferior as a whole, to many we have had in this vicinity. Dan Rice's show, and Nixon's company, far surpass Spalding & Rogers party. Tom King's name appears on the programme, but as yet he has done nothing worthy of notice, so far as we have been able to ascertain. Mr. Smith, who has been noticed much for his "Eschelle Perilleuse" performance, is not to be compared to Thomas Hanlon. Smith's performance is short, and his leap from the trapeze to the rope not near so perilous as the same feat performed by Thomas Hanlon. We had been told that Smith caught the rope with his feet instead of with his hands, but this is not so; he first seizes the rope with his hands, but almost instantly lets go, and takes hold with his feet. The distance he jumps is about half that leaped by Hanlon. Little Kate Ormand is very clever for a child, in her riding act; and Master Barry promises to make a good rider in time, but neither of them are entitled to the many praises bestowed upon them. The Seagrist brothers give as much interest to the show as any others connected with it, and perhaps rather more. Their several acts with the globes, performing dogs, etc., please the spectators immensely; it is but fair to say that the dogs are entitled to great credit for their share in the entertainment; they are truly wonderful creatures, and their owner must have expended much time in training them. There is also a deal of humor in the Seagrists, which gives additional zest to their performances. The clowns, Messrs Costello and Kent, are fair to middling; the former, evidently endeavoring to imitate Dan Rice. Altogether, Spalding & Rogers' company are not above mediocrity. There may be some really excellent talent in the concern, but we failed to notice it on the occasion referred to. However, the show takes, and all hands, we presume, are satisfied.

On Thursday evening we paid a visit to Laura Keene's Theatre, not on account of any striking novelty there and then presented to us, but because, leaving Friday and Saturday out of the question, we had nowhere else to go. The piece still on Miss Keene's bills, has, we believe, already received notice in these columns; notwithstanding, so much of a suggestive character was offered to us on the occasion referred to, that we feel it our duty to record our impressions, "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice." "Physic and Fancy," (the latter word not beginning with a p) is an oddity in its way, and about as leaden an entertainment as could well be placed before us. It is in three chunks, and concludes just where it commences. We have an old, miserable man, fancying himself ill, while everything around him conspires to give a negative to his fancy; then, as a matter of course, we have two "lovyers," whose course of wooing does not run smooth; a giddy and frail wife; a go-ahead daughter; a heroic servant maid—not to say much of the only agreeable heaven to a mass of terrible heaviness presented to us in a quack doctor, and his nephew and pupil. As far as construction is regarded, we have, we believe, said quite sufficient of "Physic and fancy." But there are traits of acting in it, and particular passages, to which we have a desire to refer. As to the acting, we never regretted such an utter waste of histrionic ability as that we bore witness to on Thursday evening. Miss Keene, as the irrepressible servant girl, was really exhilarating. There was a beautiful gusto in her warm heartedness, and a joyful grace in her dancing "manifestations" which certainly helped along the more solemn passages of the piece. Then, there was Leeson, the pedantic man of words, and bows of tremendous courtesy; Peters, his pupil, with rosy, unmeaning face, and awkward style; Mrs Allen, as the girlish lover of candies; Mrs. Hough, as the vixenish wife; Burnett, as the wretched victim of a monomania. Miss Willoughby, as the *inamorata;* and Mr. G. F. Browne, as the "brother"—these were all there, we say, and of each, be it recorded, that he or she did excellently well. But we must not forget the terrible blurs which the action of the drama exhibits. In the first place, the *denouement*, protracted through three weary acts, might be realised in the first—so transparent is it from the rising of the curtain. In the second place, there is no approach to the French idiom in the dialogue; and in the third, a spectacle of gross indecency (we have no milder word) is perpetrated in the second act, where a mentally besotted father applies a rod to the muslin of a young girl, his daughter. For the sake of the decency of the people who sat by our side at Laura Keene's Theatre, on Thursday evening last, (letting alone our own) let us gratefully record that more than one voice hissed condemnation on this passage, which, had it been presented in the humblest show, would surely have invited the scandal of many a writer. The farce of "Toodles Married" followed. At the best, it is a dim cockneyism—almost as dim as the atmosphere of the house, where, in faint imitation of Dante's Inferno we should judge, every intermediate light is quenched, and the auditor is left to reap his sole pleasure from Tom Baker's music—that is, excluding the very good acting to which we have borne sufficient testimony. The house was about two thirds full—half of those present being evidently of the "free and independent" stripe.

One evening last week, a performance not set down in the bills was given at Niblo's, much to the surprise and delight of the audience. Pending the "striking up" of the musicians in the orchestra (the gentlemen, as usual, being rather at the back of time) an auditor in the third circle commenced whistling the well known air, "Last Rose of Summer." He was evidently an adept at this sort of thing, executing the variations with consummate skill, and introducing numerous flourishes of his own. At the conclusion of this gratuitous performance, there was immense applause; then silence, and then it was the turn of the regular musicians, who played an overture, which, after a brief interval, was succeeded by the whistle, or rose "last rose" had not dropped its last leaf yet. Again he was listened to, and again applauded, but unfortunately, the eye of a jealous official of the theatre was upon him, and by the officer, was the liberal disperser of many melodious sweets shown the other side of the building.

Bryants had crushing houses last week. In fact, long before the time announced for commencing the performances, all the seats were filled, and standing room was at a premium. Indeed, the attendance if anything, surpasses that accorded to E. P. Christy, in his best days, at the same hall; and the entertainments offered are far more interesting than those offered by the retired manager. A funny little screed is that given by Dave Wambold and J. Carroll; it is called "Cruelty to Johnny," and it gives the singers a fine opportunity to display their knowledge of the "sweet German accent;" "now doesn't it, Lerzy?" Another feature is the inevitable "Mac Dill Darrell" band of singers. It is worth a quarter to hear this trio give the sweet strains of that exquisite piece of music, "Come where my love lies Dreaming." The various parts are sustained with that care and accuracy which only the Mac Dill Darrells are capable of; the harmony is grand, while the discord passages are in striking keeping with the whole. Peel and Charles have been doing a double jig, the various movements being kept up with extraordinary precision and regularity. Both dancers being loudly applauded at the close. Its a "big thing," and takes well. Neil Bryant, in the sketch of "Used Up," has achieved a triumph in his impersonation of the renowned Mose. To give additional interest to this difficult performance, friend Neil appeared on a highly caparisoned steed, whose speed, as he flitted across the stage, was a burst seldom witnessed on our Long Island race tracks. We hardly know which to admire most, the horse or his rider. We shall next expect to witness Neil in a break-down or jig, *a la* the once celebrated John Diamond. It is needless to say that Jerry and Dan Bryant sustain their well-earned reputation of being two of the funniest performers in the Ethiopian profession.

On the 23d inst. a complimentary testimonial will be given at the Art Union Concert Saloon, 497 Broadway, to Bob Smith, as he is heartily designated in the programme in our advertising columns. It is intended that the proceeds of the entertainment should be appropriated to the purchase of a memento for friend Bob; and as, quite irrespective of this, the bill of fare prepared for the occasion is more than usually rich, we may expect that the friends of the Saloon will give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, on the 23d.

The panic, gradually, is beginning to tighten its grasp on the theatres, and unusual efforts must be made to counteract the evil effects which the Southern agitation threatens to inflict upon our managers.

At Wallack's, "Playing with Fire" is playing itself out, and a diminution in the attendance is visible. Such being the case, the company have the privilege of taking their benefits; the "light comedian" leading off with his on the 17th; Mrs Hoey's follows on the 19th; and Mr. Blake follows suit on the 21st. Tuesday and Thursday, the entertainments will taper off with "Playing with Fire."

Miss Isabella Hinckley, rechristened M'lle Inell, one of Ullman's freshly imported *prime donne*, arrived here on the 16th, in the steamship Teutonia.

Laura Keene is preparing for her great show piece, "The Seven Sisters." She is making an effort to have the burletta placed upon the stage in the most gorgeous style. Among the attractions of the piece will be a grand march and drill by a *corps* of female Zouaves. Quite a little army of pretty-faced and pretty-legged girls have already been engaged, and as this sort of thing never fails to draw, we may state, with almost certainty, that the "Seven Sisters" will be a go. Business was shy at Laura's, last week.

Spalding & Rogers announce that "over 40,000 persons have visited the New Orleans Circus." Do they mean that that number has visited the New Orleans Circus in this city, or in New Orleans? Hardly the former, for they have been here too short a time for that.

Mrs. Bowers repeated her performance of Juliet, to Miss Cushman's Romeo, the first part of last week, at the Winter Garden, and gained additional laurels thereby. Since then, Miss Cushman has been going it alone. She closes her engagement on the 24th, and will be succeeded by Edwin Booth on the 26th. Miss Cushman appears in Boston next week. Some of the papers are getting up stories about Miss Cushman's hostility to America and its institutions, and, whether true or not, they tend to her injury.

The third week of Mr. Forrest's Othello, and the ninth week of the tragedian's engagement, closed last week's business at Niblo's Garden. Macbeth not being quite ready, the present week will be varied with Hamlet, Lear, and Othello. Houses crowded as usual. By the way, we perceive that Mr. Forrest has applied for an injunction to restrain Mr. Eddy from performing Jack Cade, which he has been doing in Albany. Notwithstanding the order, which was served on Mr. Eddy, on the 17th, the piece was performed that evening. Cade is Mr. Forrest's private property, and Mr. Eddy knows it; yet in the face of this fact, he assumes the right to produce it.

The magnificent Vestvali got stuck for $900 damages, last week, in a suit instituted by Mr. Joseph Wells, for services rendered as agent. Felicita seems to have gone to the Wells once too often, and has come to grief by it.

The New Bowery has been doing a very good business, notwithstanding the large audiences in attendance at the lower house. This, Monday evening, a new blood and thunder drama, entitled the "Scaffold and the Throne" is to be produced. On Friday evening, 23d inst., Geo. Boniface takes a benefit. Is'nt it strange that, as a general thing, the stock generally choose Friday nights for benefits!

Nothing new at the Museum. The Aztec children are still there, showing in conjuction with the "What Is It?"

American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway, continues to do a flourishing business. It is a well managed concern, and the attractions are of such a varied character as to please all tastes, classes, and conditions. Drop in, and judge for yourselves.

The Huchinson Family, or at least what there is left of them, will sing at the Cooper Institute on the 22d inst.

At the Melodeon, singing, dancing, negro eccentricities, etc., etc., form an entertainment which may be enjoyed at a cheap rate. Kirbye, the strong man, closed his engagement there last week.

On Saturday evening, 17th, we visited Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels, at Niblo's Saloon. This is one of our favorite stopping places, for we admire good singing and rich burlesque as well as the next one. The house was filled to the extreme back benches, and the entertainment seemed to afford the vast assemblage a deal of enjoyment. Ben Cotton has taken Billy Birch's place on 'tother end, and he fills the position very creditably. In fact, we never saw him perform to better advantage, and that his efforts were duly appreciated was evident from the great applause he received. In the first part, he was *en evere* in his song of "Willie has Gone wid de Sogers," and also in his special act of "Cum Plurg Gum," a laughable song and dance, he was called out to repeat it. In this rich scene, Cotton is king, indeed. Let him be attentive to business, having an eye to his managers' interest as well as to his own, and he will come out king pin one of these days. Sher. Campbell's beautiful ballad singing and Tyrolean warblings continue to be a great feature of the programme. E. J. Melville sang a new piece, the words by himself, entitled, "Oh! Let, Dearest Mother." He gave it with much taste, and was deservedly applauded. J. B. Donniker played a solo on his violin called "The Dream." It would have been much better enjoyed had it not been for some of those restless beings who have no soul themselves for music, and therefore make all the noise possible to prevent others from enjoying it. G. W. H. Griffin's new farce of "Love's Disguise," is a clever little trifle, and was very fairly rendered by Messrs. Griffin, Campbell, Cotton, Eugene, and Unsworth. Cotton is particularly worthy of mention. It passed off well, and may be considered quite a success.

given in true artistic style. During the entire week, the endance was large.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Mr. E. Eddy was at the Gayety, Albany, last week, playing his al characters.

Miss Bateman took a benefit at the Montgomery (Ala.) Theatre, the 9th inst., when her mother's comedy, "Romance of a Poor ung Woman," was produced.

Mr. Joe Jefferson's engagement of twelve nights at the Washing- Theatre was to terminate on the 17th inst. During his stay ere, he has appeared in the routine of characters in which he is ost successful—commencing with Bob Acres in "The Rivals."

The folks at Washington are not very well up in dramatic affairs, lging from a statement that recently appeared in a newspaper blished in the federal city, to the effect that Sheridan Knowles' medy of "The Rivals" was soon to be performed at the theatre ere. For the edification of our contemporary, we beg to inform m that "The Rivals" was written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

The rage for dramatic feuilletons seems to have extended all the ay to Cincinnati, where they have a genius who *does* such things most as well as they are done by his brethren nearer New York. aving occasion to refer to the CLIPPER it designates that paper as e "organ of the short-haired," and suggests the "Battle of Farn- orough" as a good subject for a new drama. We cannot perceive e wit of this, if our correspondent can. We take leave to inform m, however, that "short hair" is not the sign of imbecility which e ass' peculiarity, long ears, are; and if our feuilletonist at Cin- nnati have not them, then certainly he is without his due index character.

An exhibition, mingling tricks at magic, piano forte playing, bal- d singing, and scenographic tableaux of the Life of John Brown, ns at North Danvers, Mass., on the 13th and 14th inst.

The Buckleys, with Miss Julia Gould, were announced to continue eir performances at St. James' Hall, London, until further notice a symptom that they were doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews were in their last week at Drury ne Theatre, London. Mrs. Stirling was to follow them.

The 10th inst. was announced as the last night of John Brougham the Haymarket, London. It was also to be signalized by the oduction of a new comedy in three acts, written by Tom Taylor, d called "Babes in the Wood."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were at Southampton, Eng., the last eek in October. The lady and gentleman have been for some me accompanied by two very promising young actresses—the isses Chapman, nieces to Mrs Kean, and daughters of the late hn Kemble Chapman, of the London "Sunday Times."

An exhibition, illustrative of the life of Christ, and consisting of ore than fifty scenes in ancient and modern Palestine, will be ex- ibited at Mechanics' Hall, Lowell, Mass., on the 19th inst., under he supervision of Messrs. J. W. Kershow and T. H. Hayward. It ill continue two weeks at Lowell—then proceed to Lawrence and oston.

Mr. John Drew, the celebrated Irish comedian, was still at the heatre Royal, Dublin, where one of his performances had been witnessed by the Lord Lieutenant and *suite*. The entertainments ere by "command" of the vice-regal functionary; and as such hings are considered of importance in the place where Mr. Drew s, he is entitled to consider the visit as a testimony to his profes- ional reputation. The Dublin papers were, as usual, full of Mr. rew's praise.

Yankee Locke and Mr. W. Fiske, assisted by Miss Annie Hyatt, Mrs. G. E. Locke, and Mr. E. P. Churchill, appeared in a parlor dra- atic entertainment, at the City Hall, Charlestown, Mass., on the 5th and 15th inst., and at Lyceum Hall, South Boston, on the 17th.

The Bourcicaults entered on the eighth week of their engagement t the Adelphi, London, on the 5th inst. No time was specified for heir departure.

The Pyne & Harrison Troupe were performing "Crown Diamonds" and other light operas, at the Royal English Opera House, London. oder's composition, "The Night Dancers," had also been given for he first time. It is said to be full of the German speciality.

Some kind of testimonial was being thought of, to be offered to Mr. Habah, who has devoted the better part of his life to the popu- larising of music in England. By the recent destruction of St. Martin's Hall, London, by fire, Mr. H. was thrown into great difficul- ties, and it was with the view of extricating him from these, that his friends were bestirring themselves. A good start had been given to the testimonial, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's con- tribution of £50.

Mrs. Matt Peel's Campbell's Minstrels are advertised to show in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 19th and 20th inst. They are said to be doing a good business this season. Mr. C. Melville, formerly ballad singer of the company, has left the troupe, and arrived in New York a few days since.

The Florences opened at the St. Louis Theatre on the 12th inst., to one of the largest houses of the season. The bill was Handy Andy, Brian O'Lynn, and Mischievous Annie. Their engagement continues this week, being for twelve nights, when they leave for Louisville.

Mr. Sothern's engagements extend to May. He is at present at the Pittsburgh, Pa., playing to fair business, the opening of the new hall in that city operating to a certain extent against the theatre. Pittsburgh must be a lively place, for a correspondent dates his letter 1½ o'clock afternoon, and writing by gas light!

California theatrical items are set forth in the following letter from our regular correspondent:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20, 1860.

FRIEND FRANK:—Theatrical news is not very abundant just now.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne closes a very successful twelve nights engagement, at the Opera House, this evening.

Lyster's English and Italian Opera Troupe have returned from a concert tour to Stockton, Petaluma, Sonoma, and Napa, and will commence their farewell engagement at the Opera House to-morrow, Sunday evening.

Mme. Eliza Biscaccianti.—This lady, who will be favorably remembered by many musical friends in the East, has been singing at the Athenæum Melodeon for the past two weeks. "Oh! what a fall my countrywoman;" from the highest pinnacle of fame to 12½ cents admission, in connection with segars and lager.

The Dramatic Stock Company consisting of Perry, Barry, Lehman, White, Miss Edwin, Land, Mrs. Woodward, etc., will visit Stockton next week and produce the "Octoroon," "Colleen Bawn," and "Jeanie Deans."

The Lyceum.—This theatre is undergoing extensive repairs and alterations previous to its being converted into a first class Melodeon; there will be an opening here for pretty singers and dancing girls, also for a first-rate comic singer; so come along, artists.

The Dan Rice Show closed a moderately successful engagement here a few nights since; they have divided into two companies, and are going, so it is said, to South America.

Messrs. Stark and Ryer, with a company, are in the South.

Yours as ever, SHERRY COREYN.

"Father Kemp's Old Folks" have been singing in Fall River, New Bedford and Providence, during the past fortnight. They opened in New Haven the 17th, and will be in Brooklyn the 24th inst., previous to their tour through the Southern States. The novelty of the "Old Folks Concerts" is increasing rather than diminishing, judging from the crowds that gather to listen to them wherever they go. The company comprises musicians and vocalists of a high order, and the songs by Mrs. Nichols and Mr. Ryder never fail to enrapture an audience.

J. F. Breyer's Dramatic Company are now performing in Coshocton, Ohio. "Pizarro" was produced on the 8th November, the principal characters being sustained by members of the Breyer family; Rolla, J. F. Breyer; Pizarro, W. V. Breyer; Alonzo, E. R. Breyer; Cora, Mrs. Stewart, (late Miss Breyer); Elvira, Miss M. A. Breyer. The "old women" are well represented by Mrs. J. E. Breyer, the mother of all the others whose names we have given.

The Green Street Varieties, Albany, announced to open on the 19th inst. With proper performances and under proper management, there is a probability that the theatre may be turned into a successful speculation.

"The Enchantress" is reported to have attracted very full audiences to the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, last week. It seems that the piece has been prepared in a style that would reflect credit on any establishment, and that the acting was excellent, particularly that of Mr. and Miss Richings. The latter had been suffering from a severe cold, but was recovering.

At Jackson, Tenn., a few days since, a gentleman named Turner would have gone up in a balloon had the spectators been a little more liberal in putting up their money. But as they declined to do so, the willing Turner turned away, declaring that when sufficient of the "ready" to compensate him for his time and trouble was forthcoming, he would be ready too.

The engagement of Mr. John Wilkes Booth, at the Montgomery, Ala., Theatre, closed on Saturday evening, 3d inst., he appearing as Charles de Moor, in the "Robbers." Mr. Booth's engagement was very successful, and his friends predict for him a brilliant future. Nature has done much for him, and if a close application to study (for he works hard) be rewarded, he will soon be on the uppermost round of the ladder. Miss Kate Bateman commenced on Tuesday evening, 6th inst., appearing as Parthenia, in Ingomar; Mr. J. W. Albaugh as Ingomar. Owing to the election, and the excitement attending it, Miss B.'s engagement has not been very profitable. A correspondent says that with an experienced and affable agent, Miss B.'s success throughout the Union could be guaranteed.

At the close of Miss Sallie St. Clair's engagement at the St. Lou's Theatre, she proceeded to Indianapolis, where she made her first appearance at Metropolitan Hall, on the 12th.

A certain Mr. Be mont, of necromantic renown, has been perform ing at the Pagoda, Baltimore, during the past week; the manage ment, to give tone to his exhibition, and in very bad taste, in our judgment, filched the big, jaw-breaking words from Anderson's posters. In making use of such words, a man displays his ignorance rather than cleverness.

Joe Jefferson, the eccentric comedian, begins a short engagement at the Holliday, Baltimore, this week.

Mme. Inez Fabbri, Sig. Stigelli, and Carl Formes, gave a concert on Thursday night, the 15th, at the New Assembly Rooms, Baltimore. The building was packed with the upper crust of the Monumental City, no one but the white kid aristocracy being present.

John P. Smith, for many months the business agent for the Washington Melodeon, Baltimore, has accepted the position of agent of the Christy's Minstrels.

The spirit of old Richardson, the prince of showmen, is not dead, whatever his body may be. It was his peculiarity to desire a leading man with a "bould" voice. One of his successors, we perceive, has recently advertised for a gentleman with "strong lungs"—the duties of the said gentleman being principally confined to the invitation of the usual frequenters of country fairs, to "walk up," and see the "live living boss," at so much per head.

Recently, a gentleman anxious to open a provincial theatre in England, was submitted to some sort of an examination similar to that which our clever friend, Alston Brown, tells us in the current number of the CLIPPER, Shakespeare himself was submitted to in his day. The race of bigots is not extinct; neither is the race of men who fight against and finally conquer bigotry—thanks be to the "gods."

Mr Neafie, having concluded his engagements at Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, and Leamington, in England, was announced to appear at Cheltenham, on the 5th inst.; Birmingham, the 12th; and Southampton, the 19th.

The English papers inform us that an "infant prodigy," weighing thirty pounds, only three and a half years of age, and with a head measuring a yard in circumference, is on exhibition.

"A Cheer for the Actors of England" is the title of a song recently published in London. We, on the "other side," cordially respond to this cheer.

Mr. Chanfrau's engagement at the Howard, Boston, terminated on the 19th inst. A piece called "The Scalp Hunters" is in preparation at this house. It is an adaptation from Mayne Reid's novel of that name, by Wilkins (not alphabetical) the author of "Civilization," and other dramas.

Mr. J. W. Lanergan was in Boston, last week, with a few members of his company, including Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Davenport, and Mrs. Macgregor. Mr. Lanergan has organized a new *corps*, and after playing about a week at Fall River, will start for a third season in the West Indies.

Miss Cushman commences a fortnight's engagement at the Boston Theatre, on the 26th inst. It is reported that Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert and Mr. Harry Pearson have been engaged to support the lady.

"Jeanie Deans," produced at the Boston Museum, on the 12th inst., seems to have been well received, and to have the probabilities of a run, though perhaps not to the same extent as the "Colleen Bawn." The Jeanie of Miss Reignolds, and the Effie of Mrs. Barrow are reported as excellent personations.

Miss Kate Edwards, one of the victimized by the "flare-up" at the People's Theatre, Baltimore, has accepted an engagement at the Galveston Theatre.

Madame Alboni was at the Italian Opera, Paris, and had performed her usual part in the "Trovatore," with success equal to any achieved in her younger days.

A drama of effects more than usually strong even for a French audience, had been produced at the Ambigu, Paris. It is called "Le Port Notre Dame," and being exactly the sort of thing to suit the denizens of that locality, had met with the utmost favor at their hands.

The events transpiring in Sicily and Naples had been caught up by some ready play-wright in England, who had built a drama by their help, which was being played with signal success in several towns.

Mr. James Anderson, the tragedian, was at Nottingham, England, playing his usual round of characters.

The latest contribution from Tom Taylor is a comedy called "Up at the Hills," recently produced at the St. James' Theatre, London. A new piece, founded on the old incident of a lost child, and said to be, in point of general plot and incident, more perplexing than the Cure of Ariadne, had been produced at the Gaiety, Paris. Notwithstanding its obscurity, it had been well received. Its title is "L'Escamateur."

At the Grand Opera, Paris, Madame Tedesco was the great "star" last month. She had appeared frequently in one of her best characters, Phidès, in "Le Prophete," and is spoken of as not having lost any of the rich quality of the voice.

A new comedy had been brought out at the Odeon, Paris, on the rather hackneyed subject of the superior virtues of people reared in quiet country life, when compared with the denizens of highly cultivated and luxurious capitols. The novelty is called "Les Vertueux Provinces," (a title that explains itself,) and will doubtless, after crossing the English channel, be wafted over the broader waves of the Atlantic.

Wyman, the Wizard, opens in Philadelphia, on Monday, December 3d, and at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on Christmas Eve, for one week; and on New Year's Eve at Read's Hall, Troy. Wyman is about to issue a weekly called "The Showman's Guide; or, Directions to Halls and Exhibition Rooms," in which, as the title intimates, the names and places of halls and exhibitions will be accurately set forth. The work will probably be ready for distribution in January.

One of our English contemporaries has gone into regular fits, in his endeavors to explain to the expectant millions, the meaning of the word "sompnour," applied to a particular character in the new opera of "Robin Hood." Our friend might have saved himself the trouble, and dismissed the question as speedily as we do, by the intimation that a "sompnour" was an officer appointed to summon offenders before the Ecclesiastical Court. Such is the cant of criticism.

Fernand Strauss, the French gentleman, of whom we made mention in our issue of the 17th inst., has written another letter to the English papers—denouncing everybody as a filcher from the Parisian dramatists. Judging from M. Strauss' first letter, we were inclined to look upon him as something like a "horse." We have now come to the conclusion that he is another kind of quadruped.

Notwithstanding the tremendous flourish made about the "Royal Dramatic College," and the General Theatrical Fund of England beside, we have authority for stating that both are in an unsatisfactory condition. Even in England the day has gone by when the mere presence of a prince will bring either pounds or pence.

Shorey, Carle & Duprez Minstrel's played to two big houses at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, on the 12th and 13th inst.

Sallie St. Clair is said to have drawn good houses at Metropolitan Hall, Indianapolis, where she opened on the 12th, in conjunction with Charles Barras, eccentric comedian.

There is no change in amusements in Richmond, Va. Miss C. Richings and Mr. P. Richings have drawn large houses during the past week, playing the "Enchantress" for six nights in succession. On the 16th, Mr. and Miss R. take a benefit—the bill consisting of the drama of the "Blind Man's Daughter," the first act of the "Daughter of the Regiment," followed by the laughable comedietta of the "Bonnie Fish Wife;" concluding with the patriotic allegory of "Washington," Miss R. appearing as the Goddess of Liberty, singing the Star Spangled Banner, and the Marseillaise. Mr. and Miss Richings are now in the fourth week of their successful engagement; when the grand opera of the "Magic Bridal" will be brought before the public.

Mr. Shewell and Miss Rose Skerrett, both attached to the Arch street theatre, Philadelphia, but more strongly attached to each other, were united in marriage, in that city, on the 12th.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION meet at 50 Chatham st., Wednesday evening. E. S. GRAHAM, President. (20-3m*)

THE AVONITES meet every Monday evening at 182 West 18th street. HARRY FAMES, President. 16-3m*

GEO. JORDAN D. A. meet Wednesday evenings, at the Steuben House, 293 Bowery. J. B. CARTER, President. S. F. CURRAN, Secretary. 19-8t*

TAYLOR AND TURNER ON THE SHOOT.—John Taylor, of Jersey City, says that as Mr. Turner recently intimated his willingness to shoot a match at pigeons with him, he (Taylor) will be happy to accommodate him, at single and double birds, one match each, for $100 a side, 1¼ ounce shot.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH.—A challenge appeared in THE CLIPPER of the 10th inst., in which an offer was made to match James Cox, of Reading, Penn., against either John Cornell, or William Carson, of Philadelphia, or John Taylor, of Jersey City, at 21 birds each, ground trap, 21 yards rise, etc., for $100 a side. Mr. Taylor was absent from the city when the challenge appeared, but on his return left $20 with us to make the match, which sum we forwarded to Mr. Neidley, of Reading, on the 15th inst.

THE TURF.

FAST TIME BY DOUBLE TEAMS.—THE TURF IN CALIFORNIA.—On the 6th ult., a double team trot came off on the Pioneer Course, San Francisco, in which the fastest time in these parts, at double teams, mile heats, was made. The fact is particularly noteworthy, in connection with the best pacing time, at two-mile heats (4:58½) made by Young America, about two years since, on the same course. The double team trot of the 6th ult. was for a purse of $500, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to skeleton wagons; the entries being Captain Cord's g. g. Glencoe Chief, and W. D. Chapman's b. g. Jem Barton, driven by John M. Daniels, against ch. g. Shot, owned by S. P. Whipple, and ch. g. Snow Storm, owned by the driver, R. H. Covey. Two heats were trotted, and the betting from the first was in favor of Daniels' team, which seemed destined to success. So unequivocally, indeed, were the "demonstrations" of the team in question, that prior to the commencement of the second heat, the betting went up from 100 to 80 to 100 to 30 in favor of Daniels. We give the summary:—

PIONEER COURSE, Saturday, October 6, 1860.—Purse $500, for trotting, double teams. Mile heats; best 3 in 5.

J. M. Daniels' b. g. Jem Barton, and g. g. Glencoe Chief	1 1
H. R. Covey's ch. g. Shot and Snow Storm	2 2

Time—2:46—2:40½.

DOUBLE TEAM TROT.—A double team trot came off on the Washington Trotting Course, at Providence, R. I., on the 9th inst. The following is the summary:—

Purse and stake $150, "double teams," mile heats.

A. Carpenter g. m. Nelly Holcomb and b. m. Lady Champion	1 1
D. Mace br. m. Lady Sherman and bl. h. Fly Away	2 dis.

Time—2:48½—2:48¾.

A TROT IN FRANKLIN PARK.—A match for $200 came off at Franklin Trotting Park, Boston, on the 14th inst., between "Blanco" and "Lady Walton"—the former carrying off the stake. We append the summary:—

FRANKLIN TROTTING PARK, Nov. 14, 1860.—Match for $200; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

Wm. Woodruff names g. g. Blanco	1	2	1	1
Geo. Maynard names b. m. Lady Walton	2	1	2	2

Time—3:00; 2:55; 2:54; 2:56.

TROTTING AT TAUNTON, MASS.—Two matches came off over the Agricultural Trotting Park Course, at Taunton, on the 14th inst. The first was for a purse of $100; mile heats, best three in five, to harness, catch weight, and no distance; for which Mr. H. Rogers entered the grey gelding "Grey Eagle," and Mr. R. Anderson the bay mare "Point Road." The gelding won the race in 2:54, 2:52, and 2:47. The same day, the "Belle of Middleton" won a match similar to the above, in three straight heats, against "Young Webster" and Dan Mace's "Nellie." Time—3:08; 3:00½; 3:01.

J. R. STAFFORD'S FAMILY RECEIPT BOOK; containing the celebrated 100 Metropolitan Hotel Recipes, and also over 150 other valuable Recipes. Sent post paid for 13 cents. Address Box 24, Hawley, Pa. 1t*

SPIRITED FOOT RACE IN BALTIMORE.—During the early part of last week, placards were freely posted about Baltimore, announcing, that, on Wednesday, the 14th, a grand foot-race would be had between the Indian runner, Albert G. Smith, and Young Sport, of New York. After which the track would be open for all runners, that were ambitious of showing how fast they could lift up and put down their pedal appendages. The race between Smith and Young Sport was for a purse of $100, mile heats, best two in three. The day selected was a most lovely one, and the track (Herring Run) in excellent condition. At the hour designated for the sports to begin, there were about three thousand persons on the track, and unlike former gatherings at this course, there was not a "rough" to be seen. In former times, the "roughs" would invade the track, and amuse themselves by cutting and shooting down all who chanced to disagree with them. The "roughs," however, during the past year have been taught a salutary lesson, which will keep them quiet for years to come. At half-past three o'clock, the contestants for the purse made their appearance in front of the judges' stand, and announced themselves ready to open the ball. They appeared in fair condition, and smiled upon their friends, each with a peculiar nod, as if conveying the meaning "Watch me, boys, and I will astonish your weak nerves." All being in readiness the word "go" was given, and away dashed the trotters as speedily as if the police were after them. When nearing the half mile score, Young Sport was several feet in the rear of his aboriginal friend. The friends of the Son of the Forest now offered two to one that the man of paint and feathers would win; but hold, clap your "optics" on Young Sport, and see what he is doing with his "guffins." See! he is gradually decreasing the gap between himself and his tawny friend. The three quarter pole is reached, with Sport in advance; the betting now assumes another phase; two to one on Sport, with few takers; down they come on the homestretch, almost neck and neck. Oh! 'tis a beautiful sight; wild huzzas fill the air; go it, Smith;" "pull up, old man;" "now's your time, Sport;" "dig your toes into the ground," "one more effort and you have him!" were the excited exclamations heard on all sides. When about a hundred yards from the grand stand, Sport gathered himself up, and like a startled fawn, reached the score about three feet in advance of his competitor, making the mile in 5 minutes 8 seconds. Young Sport, after the heat, received the congratulations of his friends, who appeared confident of his winning, but from the knowing leer of Smith's right ogle, it was evident that he would give his young antagonist a hard brush in the next heat. Upon time being called for the second heat, both men appeared promptly, and anxious to begin the second edition of their work. This heat was a most beautifully contested one, it being a difficult matter for the spectators to decide who was the winner, as both men reached the stand in "lock step." The judges, however, decided that the heat was won by Smith. Time, 5 minutes and 12 seconds. The betting now took another turn, slight odds being offered on Smith, with few takers, considerable money, however, was staked that Sport would win the last heat. After a seasonable rest, both men appeared in excellent condition for the grand brush. At the "go," they bounded away like a trap ball; their stiffness somewhat astonished the sports, and bets were made that the heat would not be accomplished inside of seven minutes; the betters did not prove very accurate in their calculations, as Sport won the heat in 5 min. and 13 sec. Upon the result being announced, the successful runner received the compliments of his numerous friends. Both men were in a remarkably fresh condition after the termination of the contest.

After an hour had elapsed, it was announced that the track was open for all competitors, for a five-mile race, for a purse of $50. After waiting for several moments, the only contestant that made his appearance was Smith. Upon receiving the signal he dashed off, and finished the five miles in 27 minutes and 50 seconds. The friends of Smith are sanguine in the belief that he can beat Young Sport, and another race is on the tapis.

GRAND SCULLING MATCH: FAY VS DECKER.—On Thursday next, 22d inst. the match race for $500 will take place between these celebrated oarsmen. They will row in single scull shells, and will start from Burnham's "Cove House," foot of Van Vorst street, Jersey City. The locality is perhaps better known as the basin of the Jersey City Yacht squadron. The race will come off between the hours of one and three o'clock, and from the known repute of the two contestants the affair will, doubtless, attract an immense number of the votaries and lovers of the noble pastime of rowing; and the occasion will prove a fitting wind-up to one of the most animated and exciting boating seasons we have ever experienced. Fay is favorably known as one of the most enduring rowers we have in the metropolis, and has won a great many races, both in New York and other places, for several years past. He has been in active and constant training for this event for some time, and will, no doubt, make an effort worthy of himself and his high reputation, in the coming contest. Decker has, in years past, occupied the highest position as an oarsman of the first water, and was for a long period denominated the "Champion." For some years past he has not taken an active part in any rowing contests, and his re-appearance in that field where he formerly won so many laurels, has occasioned considerable comment and interest. He has been, and is still in constant training at Burnham's Cove House, Jersey City, which place will be the starting point on Thursday. Decker is said to be in splendid condition, and it is confidently anticipated by his friends that he will make one of the best races he has ever placed on the record. Decker will row in a very handsome shell built by George C. Newman. Fay will pull in the Thos. Jefferson, in which boat he won the first prize at Poughkeepsie, in September last. She was built by Mackey, of Brooklyn, and is considered one of the best specimens of his shell beats.

BOAT RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—A race between two two-pair sculls boats came off at this locality on the 16th inst., for a small stake. A pretty fair and even start was effected, but before reaching the turning point, one mile from the starting point, a foul occurred, as our correspondent alleges; and *at* the stake-boat another obstruction occurred which, our correspondent further says, caused the same boat which had already suffered a further delay. If these allegations are substantiated, even though the interfered with boat came in last, it should have been awarded the race.

MACE'S CHALLENGE TO SAYERS.—A couple of weeks since we published Jem Mace's challenge to fight Tom Sayers. Tom has not replied to the *d-fi*, but a gentleman who had been making collections on behalf of Sayers, has come out with a notice, to the effect that if Sayers enters the ring again, the money held by him will be with held from Tom. The funds amount to $5000, it is said, and the ex-champion will doubtless permit himself to be kept in the hands of his friends until this nice little sum finds its way into his (Tom's) pocket.

CHESS MATCHES IN ENGLAND.—Herr Kolisch still covers himself with the laurels of victory. He recently played a match, five games to win, with Mr. Medley, Sec'y of the London Chess Club; but after winning four straight games Mr. Medley abandoned the unequal struggle. Herr K's next bout was with brilliant Herr Horwitz, the most like Cochrance of any player now in Europe. This match was three games to win; the result being, drawn, 0; Herr H., 1; Herr Kolisch 3, and the match. Two of these games, one very short, will enrich our regular Chess department next week.

ANOTHER CRICKET CLUB IN PHILADELPHIA.—Another addition to the already long list of cricket clubs in Philadelphia. It is called the "Lady Washington," and is officered as follows:—Michael McFadden, President; Thos. Sannon, Vice President; John Tygh, Secretary Philip Walter, Treasurer.

SONGS OF IRELAND.—Edited and annotated by Samuel Lover.—This is a very handsome volume, but chiefly valuable by reason of its literary contents. The songs of Ireland are famed all over the world; and it is only due to Mr. Lover (himself a poet), to say that he has arranged his materials in the present volume with the taste and judgment of a master. Several portraits and other illustrations will be found in the book.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A novel.—By Wilkie Collins.—This is a pleasant story of 212 pages, in a paper cover, and cheap at its price—50 cents.

THE RING.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t*

THE FALSTAFF.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone in the chair. 35-tf

JOHNNY AARON has opened a Sparring School at Montgomery Hall, 76 Prince street, where he has every facility for, and is prepared to instruct gentlemen in the art of self defence, on reasonable terms. Gentlemen can be waited on at any hour during the day or evening. Call and see, and judge of his abilities. 28-tf

JAMES MASSEY, (late of London,) No 282½ Bowery, near Houston street, New York. Foreign and domestic newspapers taken regularly. FREE AND EASY every Monday and Saturday evenings. 39-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

A MILL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A little mill came off in Washington, Penn., on the 9th inst., between two men named Sweeney and Wigleton. Four rounds were fought, with but little advantage on either side, when the ring was broken in by the police. It is thought that the fight will be renewed at an early day.

MYRICK AND BRADLEY.—We have received the following letter, in connection with the challenge of the former to fight the latter:—

MINERSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 8th, 1860.—FRANK QUEEN:—I notice in your paper of this week, a challenge from William Myrick, to fight me again. I am not a pugilist by profession, nor do I intend to be. I can make a good living by attending to my business, and I want Myrick to understand that I will not accept any challenge from him, or any one else; at the same time I will defend myself from any assault. Yours, &c., JOHN BRADLEY.

A LITTLE MILL AT SOUTH NATICK, MASS.—This modest town, we hear, was the scene of an affair at fisticuffs, on the 9th inst., the principals being Knowles, alias the "New Hampshire Cow Boy," and Biglow, the "Dover Bruiser." It was for $25 a side, and being of a private character, was attended by only a few persons. Six rounds were fought, our informant says, in a very scientific manner. First blood and first knock down were claimed for the New Hampshire knight; and in the course of the contest, several hard knocks were given on both sides—the first, third, and fourth rounds being to the advantage of Bigelow, the second, fifth, and sixth to that of Knowles. On time being called for the seventh round, the "Bruiser" did not answer the appeal; consequently, Knowles was declared the winner. The entire battle did not last longer than ten minutes.

THE "BOY" ON HIS TRAVELS.—The following letter gives some additional items of Heenan's progress in Canada, &c.:—

AUBURN, N. Y., Sunday, Nov. 11th, 1860. FRIEND FRANK: Our travels this last week have been so rapid that I have scarcely had a moment's breathing time since I last wrote you. The company have visited Hamilton, C. W.; Toronto, Montreal, Ogdensburg, N. Y., and Auburn. We have had pretty fair houses, but there was not that enthusiasm in Canada which we have had in the States. The people come more from curiosity to see the "giant," as they were pleased to term Heenan, and appeared disagreeably surprised when they found out he was not such a "Goliah" after all. The public feeling in Canada is thoroughly Sayers, and of course Heenan did not go down so well as he ought to have done. The weather has been raw and cold, and we have been accompanied by a drizzly rain most of the time, reaping a good harvest of coughs and colds. We were mighty glad when we got back to the States, and have come to the resolution of not leaving them again in a hurry. We have been riding at the rate of 200 miles a day, and sparring at night, which I assure you is no easy undertaking. In Toronto, we showed twice, afternoon and evening, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre; then took the train for Montreal—over 300 miles—where we showed next evening to a tremendous audience. The house was crowded to suffocation, and we all exerted ourselves to the utmost—Mons. Gregoire surpassing himself. By the way, Frank, he's a brick. Jones and Price knocked "spots" out of each other, to have "spots" knocked out of them in turn by the bold Benicia. Two amateurs of Montreal also set-to, and the way they worked was a caution to all beholders, throwing their bodies into more numerous and painful shapes than Nixon's "man of many forms." All the company are well, and send you their kind regards. As there is nothing new I shall stop for the present.

Yours truly, CHANTICLEER.

HEADING OFF THE BOYS.—Vermont, like Buffalo, in this State, seems desirous of imitating the latter, in the way of picking up a few dollars from prize fighters; for we see it announced that a bill is before the Legislature to prevent prize-fighting, making every person who shall engage in any such fight punishable by imprisonment not more than ten years, or by fine not more than $5,000; and every aid, second, or surgeon, by imprisonment not more than five years, or by fine not to exceed $1,000, and every resident of the State who *goes out of it* to engage in such fight, subject to the same punishment as an "aid, second, or surgeon" to any such fight *within the State*. Vermont goes ahead of Buffalo a trifle.

BENEFIT OF YOUNG JACKSON.—On Tuesday evening, 27th inst., a sparring exhibition will be given in Montgomery Hall, 76 Prince street, for the benefit of Young Jackson, lately arrived from Australia. Jackson informs us that he fought two battles in Australia. On the occasion of his benefit, he will be assisted by a number of boxers of New York, and the wind up will be between Jackson and Young Dutch Sam. Jackson is a likely looking young fellow, and we should not wonder to see him make a clever display.

HORRIGAN AND YOUNG CLARK.—A match has been made up for a mill between Denny Horrigan and Young Clark, for a small stake, and the fight is arranged to take place on Monday, December 3d. Denny has repeatedly appeared in the prize ring, both in this country and in England, and has always proved himself to be a game little man, although unfortunate in his essays in the prize ring in America. Clark in his boxing bouts has exhibited many excellent points.

KING AND WOODS.—Arrangements have been made for a fight between George King and John Woods, who, it will be remembered, were to have fought on Long Island some time ago, but who were disappointed through the officious interference of Inspector Folk, of Brooklyn. Since that affair there has been much dispute concerning the respective merits of the men, and to settle the question a purse of not less than $500 will be fought for. The contest will come off within two weeks.

WILSON AND GRIBBIN AGAIN.—Ned Wilson and Harry Gribbin, whose match some time since ended in a draw, have put up a small forfeit each, to make another match. Whether articles will eventually be signed, and the match go on, remains to be seen; but both men seem to be in earnest, and express a desire to have another tussle in the magic arena.

ROBERT SMITH, familiarly known as Bob Smith, and as one of the jolliest scions of the noble house of Smith," is to be the recipient of a "complimentary" at the Art Union, which has been renovated and handsomely decorated for the occasion, on Friday evening, 23d inst. The entertainment will be varied, including singing, dancing, boxing, &c. Mr. Smith's popularity is immense among the sports, and will ensure him a full house, and the benefit intended will, we feel confident, prove a benefit indeed. For particulars see advertisement in theatrical column.

A PRIZE FIGHT SPOILED.—At Indianapolis one afternoon last week, a couple of darkies—Steve. White and Ol. Taylor—went to Sugar Grove race course to have a prize fight. They had a ring formed and seconds selected. Some one hundred or so of spectators were on the ground—presenting a motley group of whites, blacks and saddle colored individuals. Four rounds were fought without doing much damage to either. While waiting for time to come on the fifth round, one of the belligerent darkies was taking a rest at the foot of a tree, and the other was undergoing a sponging process by his seconds. In the midst of this preparation for the continuance of the battle, the police appeared, and such a scattering as was made—such a hurried effort by everybody, white and black, to get into the woods—was never seen before. In half a minute not over five men were on the ground. The police arrested the principals and one of the seconds, and took them before the Mayor, where they were legally dealt with for being engaged in an affray. Their fines were fixed at $20 each.

A TIGER OF THE DEEP.—In Port Jackson, says Dr. Bennett, was caught in 1858 a highly interesting and enormous specimen of a shark, the length of which was twelve feet four inches. When first struck with a harpoon the huge fish immediately ran out a great length of line, but, becoming fatigued, and finding himself fast and wounded, he rushed back again and attacked the boat, leaving several of his teeth broken in the wood. Off he ran again to some distance; but, discovering the hopelessness of his case, a second time he renewed his attack on the boat, and was only disabled by repeated blows on the head and snout. His voracity may be conceived by the curious miscellany found in his capacious stomach, of which this is the inventory:—Half a ham, several legs of mutton, hindquarter of a pig, head and fore-legs of a bulldog, with a rope round his neck, a quantity of horse-flesh, a piece of sacking, and a ship's scraper. No wonder that twelve gallons of oil were obtained from his liver!

"THE BOWER OF BEAUTY."—This is the romantic name applied to the establishment of Dr. Gouraud, at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway, where can be found the most valuable articles for the toilet ever discovered, embracing Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap, a superior article for rendering the skin smooth and clear; Gouraud's Lilly White, for imparting a pearly whiteness to the complexion; Liquid Hair Dye, Vegetable Rouge, Hair Restorative, and the celebrated Poudres Subtiles, for uprooting superfluous hair, &c. Also for sale at Callendar & Co.'s, Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; and at J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

THEATRICAL SQUIBBS,

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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"If the theatre were to be shut up, the stage wholly silenced and suppressed, I believe the world, bad as it is now, would be ten times more wicked."

LICENSING THEATRES.

In the hope of amusing our readers, we have been at considerable pains to procure the following extract from a curious old manuscript in Malone's Collection, deposited several years ago in the Bodleian Library:—

"Yesterday being the day appointed for licensing the various theatres, a full meeting of the Surrey magistrates took place.

The first application was made by Mr. William Shakspeare for the renewal of his license for the Globe Theatre on the Bank side.

Sir Thomas Holmes felt considerable hesitation in assenting to the renewal of the license. He would put one question to Mr. Shakspeare. Had he, or had he not written, and caused to be represented at the Globe Theatre, a play called Henry VIII? Mr. Shakspeare admitted he had. Mr. Thomas Holmes then stated he had only put the question for form; he had himself attended, and witnessed the representation; his feelings were truly shocked. Mr. Shakspeare had represented our late revered sovereign as laboring to procure a divorse from Queen Catharine by the most unjust and corrupt artifices, and even as endeavouring to effect it by means of Italian perfidy. He had also represented his Prime Minister as levying cruel and oppressive taxes on the people in his Majesty's name; circumstances tending to bring our late revered sovereign's memory into contempt, and very painful to the feelings of his daughter, our present beloved sovereign.

Mr. Shakspeare admitted the writing and representation of the play, but appealed to the proceedings of the Court, and to every Memoir of the Life of Henry VIII, for the truth of the characters delineated in his play.

Sir Thomas Holmes considered this rather an aggravation of the offence, and calculated to augment the danger.

Sir Charles Lynn felt indignant at the exposition made of the Duke of Buckingham.

Messrs. Hemminges and Condell humbly stated that Mr. Shakspeare was only a joint-patentee, and that they would take care to guard against a similar representation.

A consultation here took place among the magistrates. The Chairman at length informed Mr. Shakspeare that his license would be renewed this year; but cautioned him against portraying in future the characters of kings, ministers, or courtiers—at least, such as had not been dead an hundred years."

ORIGIN OF THEATRICAL BENEFITS.

Mrs. Barry is recorded as the first performer, male or female, who ever had, what is now understood by the term, a benefit. The privilege was procured for her through the influence of James II, and she alone possessed it until just before the commencement of the eighteenth century. The poverty of the divided theatrical companies then induced the managers to employ this expedient for paying their actors and actresses more directly out of the pockets of the public, and it not unfrequently happened (at least the performers made the accusation) that the patentees appropriated to themselves all the proceeds, under the pretext of house expenses' and left the performers to their remedy.

We have met with few articles so supremely worldly and practical, as the following dissertation upon certain of Shakspeare's characters. They are discussed, as the reader will perceive, in a truly lawyer-like and business mode of view: the poetry of the personages is entirely abandoned; and nothing is left but the every-day outline of that which the genius of the bard has made immortal:—

A LAWYER'S CRITICISM OF SHAKESPEARE.

I own that I never perused my chief favorite, the Merchant of Venice, without a mixture of melancholy to think that it has so many faults, and in particular that the distress turns chiefly upon embarrassments with which no lawyer can seriously sympathize. There are several striking flaws in this drama. In the first place, Antonio's difficulties arise entirely from his gross oversight in not effecting an insurance upon his various argosies. He should have opened a set of policies at once upon the Rialto, where marine insurance was perfectly well understood, and where the brokers would have got him fifty names in a forenoon to any extent upon ship, freight, or cargo, lost or not lost. This prudential step would have given a totally different turn to the whole affair. When he wanted to help Bassanio with three thousand ducats for three months, he could easily have raised the money at four per cent. on the security of an assignment of the policy. Shylock says of him, "Antonio is a good man; yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he has squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors are but men; there be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves; I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks." Now, these are the very risks which the contract of insurance is intended to cover, as clearly explained in Marshal and other writers, and as expressed in the following clause inserted in all policies: "Touching the adventures and perils which the said assurers are contented to bear, and to take upon them in this voyage, they are of the seas, men-of war, fire, enemies, pirates, rovers, thieves, jettisons, &c., barratry of the master or mariners, and of all other perils, losses, and misfortunes that have or shall come to the hurt, detriment or damage of the said goods or merchandises, and ship or vessel." With this precaution, Antonio's means would have been no longer in supposition, but in certainty, and as good as hard cash, under deduction, merely, of the premium of insurance. Finally, when intelligence was received of Antonio's argosies being wrecked, it is plain that he might, in these circumstances, have at once, abandoned to the underwriters, and claimed for a total loss. It is painful to see so many amiable characters involved in griefs and in difficulties, which this simple and natural expedient would have obviated. My feelings at this reflection are something akin to those of a very susceptible medical friend, who declares that he can never sit out Romeo and Juliet, from the thought that a judicious use of the stomach pump, in the last scene, would remove all the distresses, and make two lovers happy.

Why is Jenny Lind like a leg of mutton? Because she is neither Grist nor Alboni.

Lablache died at Naples, Jan. 23, 1858, aged 67 years.

Bradwardin, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote against the stage in 1345. He was followed by Wickliffe, who had been termed the Morning Star of Reformation, who levelled his eloquence against players in 1380.

The celebrated comedian, Finn, issued the following *morceau* the day previous to his benefit:—

"Like a *grate* full of coals, I burn
A great, full house to see;
And, if I prove not grateful, too,
A *great* fool I shall be."

Handel died April 13th, 1759.

Crystal Palace, London, was opened Thursday, May 1st, 1851; was inaugurated by the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, Prince of Wales, and other branches of the royal family. The Archbishop of Canterbury opened with a prayer.

The following was the prize conundrum which took the silver cup at Burton's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Dec. 4, 1846:—

Why is Wm. Burton like a tavern keeper? Because he offers the *Cup* which brings many to the *pit*, while those above are in *tiers* (tears).

Mr. Brown and Mr. Stevens were passing through a street in the city, where a fire had broken out which threatened destruction to the whole neighborhood. It began at a hat maker's shop, which was then entirely destroyed, with its contents. "Bless me," says B., "this will be a terrible loss for the poor man and his family." "Yes," says S., "the loss will be *much felt*."

According to the very interesting record of Charley White, the earliest intimation we can find in which individual negro business was done in character, and met with a response of popularity, was in Boston, Dec. 30, 1799. Ben Russell's *Boston Gazette* contains an advertisement of the entire performance. The first piece was "Oroneko; or, the Royal Slave." At the end of the second act there is "a song of the negro boy" in character, and this was given by Mr. Grawpner, a member of the old Federal street company. The famous pantomime of "Gil Blas" had been introduced that Christmas week, and, although the house was hung with mourning at that time, on account of the recent death of Washington, such was the applause given to the "song of the negro boy," that he had to bring in his little bench and sing his story over and over, again and again. A chord had been struck in our body politic, and the American sympathy of song was given so as to favorably receive the sentiments of a lowly and enslaved class, peculiarly endowed with the images and expressions of those fallen nations on the Coast of Guinea which had nothing now left of their former grandeur but the melodies of their songs and the passions of their people.

In this state of full admiration by the public, and speculative fear on the part of managers, this kind of performance struggled along—now here, now there—until certainly T. D. Rice, of the Bowery Theatre, may be considered the "Daddy" of perfection in it. Those were "good old times" at the Bowery when the juvenile patrons of that institution had to "scrouge" on the stage in order to make way for Mr. Rice to come out "once more" (frequently thirty times) to "turn about, and wheel about, and do jess so," as the immortal and inimitable Jim Crow.

T. D. Rice was in all his glory from 1832 to 1842, and about the latter year the present shape of "negro minstrelsy" had become decidedly formed. During that interval, Dan Emmit, Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock, Dick Pelham, and some others, had made a "demonstration" of what might be done. A similar party took the name of "Kentucky Minstrels," among whom were Frank Lynch, T. G. Booth, H. Mestayer, and Young Richardson. This party disbanded once, but re-organized with Bill Whitlock, T. G. Booth, B. Williams, and Charley White, and had a hall at Vauxhall Garden.

After these, we had the "Ring and Parker Minstrels." Then came the "Congo Melodists," who performed at the old Chatham Theatre, and were the foundation of the company subsequently known as "Buckley's New Orleans Serenaders."

The "Original Christy Minstrels" had their "origin" in Buffalo, where they first came out as the "Virginia Minstrels," consisting of E. P. Christy, George N. Christy, T. Durand, and T. Vaughn. After they went to Milwaukee, and had been joined by Enem Dickinson and Young Bachus to strengthen the band, they took the name of "Christy's Minstrels," and appeared in this city at Palmo's Opera House (since made immortal by Mr. Burton and Mrs. McMahon.) On their second visit to this city, they shone out at the Society Library Rooms, (late Appleton's Building.) After that, at the Alhambra, near Prince street, and thence at Mechanic's Hall, in 1847, with more or less absence.

The fame of the "Congo Minstrels" caused the "Ethiopian Serenaders to arise in Boston, with Frank Germon, M. Stanwood, Winnemore, Quinn, and some others. They came to New York, and did well at the old Chatham and at Palmo's in Chambers street. Here they fell in with Old Scotchy Dumbolton, and started for England in 1846, composed of F. Germon, G. Warrington, M. Stanwood, G. Pelham, and W. White. This band, while in England, had a triumphant tour. In London, they usually performed at the St. James Theatre. They were requested to perform morning and evening six days in the week, and urgently solicited to appear at the private mansions of the nobility. They were also called to perform at Arundel Castle by an especial request of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty was delighted with their performances, and gave to each gentleman a valuable crest ring as a token of her approbation, while Frank Germon, the leader, received a splendid locket in addition. The "Ethiopian Serenaders" returned here, were very successful, especially at the Melodeon in Boston, and Mr. Dumbolton, having reinforced the company with S. A. Wells and Jerry Bryant, went to England again, where J. Dumbolton afterwards died.

In the meantime, Philadelphia had not been idle, and the "Virginia Serenaders" got started, with James Sanford, Cool White, Richard Myers, and Robert Edwards, among others. They visited New York, and had G. B. Wooldridge to act as their agent. They were also very successful in the Eastern cities.

This reminds us of the "Harmoneons," consisting of L. V. Crosby, Frank Lynch, James Pike, and the two Powers. They used to be very popular at the Horticultural Hall, in School street, Boston, and hence were warmly welcomed wherever they went.

"White's Serenaders" formed in 1846 with Charley White, R. White, F. Stanton, W. Smith, H. Neil, and Young Juba, and are probably the oldest permanent company (if we bar out the Christys) in New York.

In 1847 we had the "Sable Harmonists" at the Minerva Rooms in this city. They had organized about a year previously with Nelson Kneass, J. Farrell, W. Rourke, and Messrs. Plumer, Archer, Murphy, and others, usually travelling in the South or West.

About this time also, we had John Campbell's company, now known as the "Original Campbell Minstrels," named after the originator, who kept a restaurant on the corner of Bayard street and the Bowery, in New York. This company consisted of W. B. Donaldson, Jerry Bryant, John Rea, J. Carter, H. Mestayer, and D. Raymond. John Rea afterwards withdrew and went to the "Christy Minstrels." Subsequently, while playing at our Museum, Mr. Donaldson resigned, and the late lamented Luke West succeeded him, until poor Luke's sudden death at the Adams House in Boston, while the company were in great success at the Melodeon in that city.

Next we had the "Sable Brothers," composed of Messrs. Evans, Tarpin, Cleaveland, and others. They commenced at Convention Hall, in Wooster street, and subsequently appeared at our Museum under Mr. Barnum. After them came the "Nightingale Serenaders," now known as "Kunkel's Minstrels." Then "S. S. Sanford's Opera Troupe," usually in Philadelphia, but generally popular wherever playing. Then, "Slitter's Empire Minstrels." Then, the "Washington Euterpeans." Then "Ordway's Æolians," in Boston, a very fine company. Then, "Pierce's Minstrels," at our old Olympic. Then, "Fellows' Minstrels." Then, "Horn and White's Opera Troupe." Then, "Norris' Campbell Minstrels." Then, "George Christy's and Wood's Minstrels," and the new opera house of the Buckleys, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, in Broadway.

Concurrent with these movements we have had "Apolloneons" in this city, "Continentalers" in Boston, and "Hungarian Brothers" in Philadelphia, as a part of the general advance in music, it is true; but the main foundation of the relish for the refrains of African songs and negro sentimentalities had its origin in physiological, geographical, and political influences which do not appear on the surface of every-day affairs.

THE DRAMATIC CHIP BASKET.

NUMBER ONE.

The Origin of Negro Singing—Fortunate Showmen—Negro Dancing, etc., etc., etc.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN.

Much has been said of this peculiar branch of amusement, as to where it had its origin, etc. Pot Pie Herbert, an actor of the West, sang a song entitled "Back side of Albany stands Lake Champlain," many years before Daddy Rice's day. Rice accumulated quite a fortune in the United States and England, by singing the song of "Jim Crow." He was a man of all work, attached to Ludlow and Smith's Theatre in the South and West. He officiated as property man, lamp lighter, stage carpenter, etc. He first jumped Jim Crow in Louisville, Ky., about the year 1829, and made a great hit. George Nichols, the clown, attached many years to Purdy Brown's Theatre and Circus of the South and West, claims being the first on the list of the burnt cork gentry. Nichols was a man of no education, yet he was the author of many anecdotes, stories, verses, etc. He was an original. Of all the clowns I have ever seen, with the exception of Gates and Blackburn, Nichols took the palm. He would compose the verses for his comic songs within ten minutes of the time of his appearance before the audience. His "flights of fancy" and "flashes of wit" were truly astonishing, and highly amusing. I must say, and very truly, there was less vulgarity displayed in those days than at the present. Nichol's first sang Jim Crow, as clown, afterwards as a negro. He first conceived the idea from a French darkie, a banjo player, known from New Orleans to Cincinnati as Picayune Butler; he was a copper colored gentleman, and gathered many a picayune by his singing "Picayune Butler is going away," accompanying himself on his four stringed banjo. An old darkie of New Orleans, known as "Old Corn Meal," furnished Nichols with many airs, which he turned to account. This old negro sold Indian meal for a living; he might be seen from morning till night with his cart and horse; he frequently stopped before Bishop's celebrated Hotel, and sang a number of negro melodies. He possessed a fine falsetto and baritone voice. Corn Meal picked up many bits and pugs for his singing. A burlesque was produced at the old Camp Street Theatre, New Orleans, many years ago. It being a local affair, Old Corn Meal with his horse and cart was introduced in the piece, and in crossing a platform the horse fell and was killed. Old Corn Meal wept bitterly at the loss of his friend. He declared he found the horse wounded on the battle ground, during the British Invasion. The manager of the theatre paid for the horse, $15, his actual value. Corn Meal declared he would have another horse if it cost him $20. In a few days after, his shrill voice was heard as usual, "Here's your lovely Corn Meal, right before your door." He had another pulmonic beast, considerable more bony than the defunct animal of battle-ground memory. Bob Farrell, an actor, sang "Zip Coon," composed by Geo. Nichols. Lewis Hyel, of Brown's company, sang "Roley Boley," by Nichols. Hyel died in his native city, Philadelphia. Nichols first sang "Clare de Kitchen;" this song he arranged from hearing it sung by the negro firemen on the Mississippi River. The tune of "Zip Coon" was taken from a rough jig dance, called "Natchez under the Hill," where the boatmen, river pirates, gamblers and courtezans congregated for the enjoyment of a regular hoe-down, in the old time. Sam Tatnall, the equestrian, sang "Back side of Albany," five years before Rice's time. John and Frank Whittaker sang "Coal Black Rose" in 1830. Bill Keller, an excellent low comedian, a tobacconist by trade, of Philadelphia, was the original "Coal Black Rose;" John Clements, leader of the orchestra for Duffy and Forrest, composed the music. I think it was written by one Jamison, of Philadelphia. George Washington Dixon created some furore by singing this song. Dixon was a servant originally to Gen. Blythe, at the old Broadway Circus. He sometimes aspired to the honor of playing Billy Button. It was rumored that D. was a descendant of Ham, from the fact that the sole of his foot never made a hole in the ground. The last I heard of Dixon, he had become a general in Yucatan. The general, in a speech at New Orleans, said "all he required was strength, and he would conquer all South and Central America" or die. The general had great strength in his Coal Black Rose day! He was then strong, very strong, as a Billy Goat; hence the dark suspicion. Barney Burns was known in those days, from Quebec to New Orleans, as a job actor. He was connected with the circus, and was also low comedian. He first sang "The Long Tail Blue," and "Such a Getting up Stairs," written and composed by Joe Blackburn. Most of these (then) popular negro songs were taken from hearing the darkies of the South singing after their labor of the day was over on the plantation. The verses and airs were altered, written and arranged as I have described. For instance, the original verses of Jim Crow ran in this manner, without rhyme, as sung by the negroes of Kentucky:—

"I went down to Creek, I went down a Fishing,
I axed the old Miller to gimmy chaw Tobacker
To treat old Aunt Hanner.
Chorus.—First on the heel tap, den on de toe,
Ebery time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow."

"Goes down to de Branch, to pester old Miller,
I wants a little light wood;
I belongs to Capt. Hawkins, and don't care a d—n.
Chorus.—First on de heel tap, &c., &c."

Old Daddy Rice copied his walk and dress from an old negro in Louisville.

The reader will perceive by the above, that there was no rhyme, and consequently no tune. Most of the Negro Songs of that day seem to have been about the same style as Jim Crow.

Barney Burns was a Baltimorean. He called himself a "Job Actor," from the following reason:—He was frequently on his oars—no engagement—and should an actor be taken sick, or from other causes not "on hand," Barney was always ready at the shortest notice for a *job*, i. e., to go on as a *Sub*. He finally got a lot of cards printed, in a business like manner. The following is a copy verbatim:—

"Barney Burns, Job Actor, No. 65 Chatham street, near the theatre. All orders thankfully received and promptly attended to, at the Cheapest Rates. No deviation in price. Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, Pantomime, or Comic Songs, will be charged the same. N B Old Jokes, and Conundrums, repaired or altered at the shortest notice."

As may be supposed, these cards caused much merriment. Poor Barney labored in Jobs as long as possible. He died from dropsy, in the Hospital, New York. He was much emaciated, being a complete skeleton, but his stomach was swollen to an enormous size. He observed to the attendant, a few moments before he expired, "that he thought he looked very much like a grayhound with the dropsy." "But," says he, "this is my last job." Burton used to tell many anecdotes of Barney. The Negro Singing of the present day has completely revolutionized and monopolized the sayings of Mr. Merryman, and the Yankee story teller is no whar. Burnt cork is far in the ascendancy since Daddy Rice's golden day.

A young man by the name of Lester first sang and composed a song called "Sitting on a Rail;" also, another he called "Gumbo Chaff;" this was about the year 1836. Barnum travelled with this show; it was connected with old Turner's Circus, an itinerant affair—it was entirely extinct many years ago.

Purdy Brown's name is mentioned in this letter. Brown owned and managed a theatre and circus in the South west for years. He built a theatre in Mobile, which was burnt down. Levi North was quite a lad when he rode for Purdy Brown. The Theatre and Circus Company consisted of the following persons in 1830-32:—Charley Webb, Hyett, Farell, Herniving, Cabell, Walton, Minich, Sargent, Creighton, Burt, Eaten, &c., &c. Purdy Brown was a native of Westchester County, New York. The greatest portion of Circus and Menagerie proprietors, and others connected with exhibitions, hail from this region, viz, Putnam, Westchester and Duchess Counties. Some of the names are well known. Raymond & Waring became very wealthy—both dead now. Raymond was a showman for 30 years. He was a harness maker, and was very poor. With two partners he hired the use of a sick elephant, which was placed on an old scow boat, and exhibited to the inhabitants along the canals, etc. This was Raymond's start in the show business. John Jacob Astor gave him a lift in the way of cash. Raymond cleared this season by his wild beasts, $15,000. He built a fine Amphitheatre in Philadelphia. At the time of his death, he owned the Broadway Theatre, New York, and a vast amount of real estate in that city and Philadelphia. He was largely interested in the Floating Palace of North River; he died worth $1,500,000. June, Titus, Angevine, Barnum, and hundreds of other showmen hail from this quarter. Old Nate Howes, the showman—manager of Circuses and shows of every kind—first saw the light of day among the rocks of Jamestown. Old Nate retired a long time since, with an ample fortune. He served one season in the Legislature at Albany. He is brother of Seth Howes, proprietor of the American Circus, in London. Old Turner hailed from a beautiful spot called Dingle Ridge, on the Connecticut line, a few miles only from the show country. Dingle Ridge was a showman's place; it produced slate, stunted swine, pumpkins, onions, double-headed calves, living skeletons, etc. Old Turner was one of the most influential citizens of Dingle Ridge. He was extensively known from Maine to Georgia.

Negro singing has become a very popular branch of our public amusements. The number of troupes are almost innumerable. Some of the bands discourse fine music. The comic darkey keeps the audience in a roar of laughter with his jokes and buffoonery; but there are many singers and musicians in the profession who are really disgusting in their obscene remarks and low vulgarity. They sadly damage the reputation of the really talented troupes. Frank Brower, in conjunction with Dan Emmet, was the first person to establish a band of Minstrels in the United States; they were successful both in this country and England in 1842. Brower is the Napoleon of his art, and is one of the most comic and quaint delineators of the Southern Negro in the minstrel profession. A great number could be added, such as Horn, Christy, Sanford, Bryant Brothers, Unsworth, and others that are capital performers and great favorites with the amusement seekers.

About twenty-five years ago Negro dancing became a very popular amusement; among the wonders in this art was a person by the name of Diamond, and another by the name of Sanford. Diamond was accidentally discovered about the wharves of New York by Barnum. Barnum was then as poor as Job's turkey, but having an eye to business, conceived the idea (i. e. gag) to write a life of Master Diamond. A greater amount of nonsense is seldom if ever put together; *but it took!* Barnum reaped a harvest—he cleared $1500 the first night at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, on Sunday evening. The types said it was a grand match dance for $2000. Barnum, finding that the Diamond excitement was played out, and the dancer was an uncontrollable and vicious youth, dropped the burnt cork speculation, and left for New York. Diamond was of a revengeful and passionate disposition. He narrowly escaped with his life in Mexico: having enlisted in the American army, he made an attack on his superior officer; for this he was sentenced to be shot, but fortunately for Diamond, the treaty of peace saved his life. He danced for many years with Jim Sanford. They both lived fast, dressed in the height of flashy extravagance. *They both* died in Blockley Alms House. Diamond was brought from the Alms House and buried from the domicile of Mr. Grear, in Sansom street, a man of good heart, and full of philanthropy and kindness. Jim Sanford was a Baltimorean. His correct name was Blandford. He dressed in the height of fashion, with never a hair on his head out of place. He commanded a large salary, lived fast, and died one of the most miserable objects at the Alms House that human eyes ever beheld. I regret that it is not in my humble power to give even a brief sketch of this most horrible dying scene. I visited the Alms House in company with Dr. B. and Mr. Z.—it was a very hot afternoon; I trust my eyes may never gaze on so horrible an object as that of the once *fashionable* Jim Sanford. Good reader, imagine a living skeleton; the *vermin* had already commenced devouring this loathsome form of man; a hole was eaten through the large sinew of the foot; to mention this horrid scene with its details would be too disgusting. A ruling passion is strong even in death. Sanford knew me: I kindly told him that his soul was fast taking its flight, and to keep up his spirits. He replied he "would like to have some spirits to keep down." Rum, was his last word. I once saw a Negro burnt to death at St. Louis by a mob. After the poor wretch had roasted for some time, both eyes singed from his head, he begged for God's sake for some humane individual to shoot him. No person would suppose that, after so much torture, reason could be left. So with Jim Sanford. This awful mass of once humanity, had reason, and wished for rum. I cut the following from a paper published at that day in reference to Jim Sanford:—

"A HUMAN WRECK.—James Sanford, for many years known as a Negro melodist, and one of the early serenaders of that species of amusement, now lies in a cell in Moyamensing, in the last stage of destitution, and the ravages of a loathsome incurable disease, which *must kill* him in a few days. He was a man of considerable ability, has made and spent a large fortune, and used to be surrounded with a troupe of friends. But he fell a slave to the lowest and most terrible appetite when perverted from its functions, or the consummation of a pure and constant affection. He is now an object which, to look on or remember, makes the frame shiver, and fills the soul with horror."

THE PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION.—As one means of preventing this fatal malady which sweeps off so many of our best and brightest, the exercise of reading aloud deserves special attention. The practice unites mental and physical culture, and may be made to add greatly to the attractions of the home circle. Alternate readings by members of a family, while the others are engaged in work, are beneficial to all. The physical effects are like those of singing. No one who has noticed the *physique* of professional singers can fail to have marked the development that follows a cultivation of the voice. No one can possibly fancy the public's fat friend, Amodio, going into consumption. Dr. Hall has some very sensible remarks on this exercise. He says:—

"Reading aloud helps to develop the lungs just as singing does, if properly performed. The effect is to induce the drawing of a long breath every once in a while, oftener and deeper than of reading without enunciating. These deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practice. Common consumption begins uniformly with imperfect, insufficient breathing; it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter, through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts that short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspiration, is curative to that extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any person make the experiment by reading this page aloud, and in less than three minutes the instinct of a long breath will show itself. This reading aloud develops a weak voice, and makes it sonorous. It has great efficiency, also, in making tones clear and distinct, freeing them from that annoying hoarseness which the unaccustomed reader exhibits before he has gone over half a page, when he has to stop and hem, and clear away, to the confusion of himself as much as that of the subject.

"This loud reading, when properly done, is a great agency in increasing the vocal power, on the same principle that all muscles are strengthened by exercise, those of the voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence, in many cases, absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted non-use of the arm of the Hindoo devotee at length paralyzes it forever. The general plan, in appropriate cases, is to read aloud in a conversational tone, thrice a day, for a minute or two at a time, increasing a minute every other day, until half an hour is thus spent at a time, thrice a day, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus there is safety and efficiency, as a uniform result."

PAYING A NOVEL BET.—In *The Portland Argus* of the 10th inst., we find the following:—"Mr. William A. Pierce, who has a plumber's establishment on Exchange street, yesterday honorably fulfilled the conditions of the bet made with Mr. H. H. Furbush upon the result of the Presidential election, viz: to peddle fifty bushels of charcoal through the streets, not selling more than one bushel to each customer. The coalman from whom Mr. Pearce expected his load, disappointed him in not delivering it in season, and he had to apply to the Steamboat Company for a supply, which was kindly granted. At 10½ o'clock, A. M., Mr. Pearce started from Market square, which was crowded with a throng of spectators—ladies and gentlemen. Previous to starting, he took a suck at his lemon and addressed a few words to his audience. He then commenced his cry of "charcoal," and proceeded on his route, followed by a crowd of carriages, and people on foot. The first delivery was made at the dwelling house of Mr. Furbush. He then proceeded to the foot of Temple street, where a photograph was taken of him by Mr. Geo. M. Howe. After this he went through various streets of the city, leaving a bushel of charcoal here and there, until his load was disposed of—the crowd following him over his whole route. Pearce was rigged out with a handsome team of two white horses, driven by a negro. He sat on the top of the cart shouting "charcoal" at the top of his lungs. He had on his head a hat resembling the one worn by the Prince of Wales on his visit to Portland—probably it was the same one. He carried out the thing handsomely and in good faith, and is now ready to attend, in the same cheerful manner, to all orders for plumbing work."

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.—The annual meeting of this Association will be held in the Mercantile Library Lecture Room, Clinton Hall, (Astor Place and Eighth street,) New York City, on WEDNESDAY, the 12th day of DECEMBER next, at 7½ o'clock, P. M. By order of
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